CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1837. NO. 815.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 12.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INEXPERIENCED CLERGYMAN. No. IV.

WASHINGTON CITY—MOUNT VERNON.—TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Descending the steps of the City Hotel to take the stage to Washington, unexpectedly met upon the pavement several highly valued friends, some from Cambridge, whose faces were turned in the same direction. We concluded to go in company, and securing seats in the same coach, started off in good spirits for the capital of the Union. It was a fine spring morning. Its pure soft air, to which we had long been strangers, with highly entertaining conversation answered as an offset to the hard road and the uninteresting aspect of the country. On our journey for the first time did I realize that we were in a slave state. In Baltimore the idea had hardly occurred to me. Here and there as we rolled along a few miserable negro huts skirted the road and once in a while we could distinguish a ragged forlorn object busy at his task in the sterile and dreary fields. Some time in the after part of the day we find ourselves in the streets of the famed city and, covered with dust, are soon landed at the door of Gadsby's Hotel. Though much fatigued—one of our company and myself could not but sally forth, as soon as might be, to get a view of the capitol and President's house ere nightfall. They tower—especially the former—in their pride and glory at the extreme points of Pennsylvania Avenue, distant a mile from each other. All I have to say of them and the city at present is that the effect of the former upon the mind is imposing, and though the latter, apart from its being the seat of government, has little or nothing to interest, the view from the dome of the capitol is very extensive and very good—yet not remarkable in any respect. But more of these hereafter..

The next day our party were desirous of proceeding immediately to Mount Vernon. So we procured a barouche and set off. It is fifteen miles from the city. We entered a steamboat, barouche and all, and descended the Potomac as far as Alexandria, which is six miles distant. The trip was pleasant—but Alexandria we found to be a most unsightly place. We were soon out of it and on our way to the shrine of our country's idol. For the greater part of the nine miles the country on either side of us was woody and wild. The road, if it might be called such, was bad beyond description—mud, deep and miry—in some places to the hubs of the wheels and frequent peril of being overset and buried in it—made it necessary to walk the horses nearly the whole distance. It was a long—long journey—but not a tedious one—a pilgrimage indeed, though a very pleasant one. We made all due allowances for the season of the year—but evidently at no season is the road kept in any repair and it is a disgrace to the country that it should be so. The approach to the seat from the main road is through an irregular and natural growth of fine tall trees which extend for a mile or more. The aspect of the country all the way from Alexandria is highly rural—and Mount Vernon, as it opens to the view, is of the same character, only more beautiful and picturesque. It has all the essentials of a delightful country seat and one would at once pronounce it to be the hospitable abode of a Virginia gentleman—a man of character and taste—a lover of nature in her natural dress and serene beauty. We alighted from our vehicle and soon perceived an aged negro approaching who greeted us in a most courtier-like manner. We made known the object of our visit. He turned and led the way slowly towards the house, where we hoped to find Mrs Washington to whom we had a card, kindly furnished us by an intimate friend of the family.

He informed us she was not at home—much to our disappointment. As we walked along—thoughts of days gone by and of him—the pure genius of this sacred spot—crowded upon our minds. A few questions put to the aged negro proved him to be ready to communicate all he knew. We learned from him that he had been a servant in Washington's family and was 38 years old when the General died. He said he was 'raised' in the household—was 'given' by the General to the Judge—and by him to John Washington 'to take care of.' '*When we were boys*,' he continued (speaking of Washington and himself) 'we have often rolled in the grass together. Dear me!' he exclaimed, 'many a thump have I given him in play. Though much older than me, Washington loved to play with me.' Conversing about the General—we followed him past the house directly to the 'new tomb,' as it is called, which was begun by Washington, but left unfinished at his death. In this tomb the ashes of the father of his country now repose—

'And does a hero's dust lie here?
Columbia! gaze and drop a tear!
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

Among the heroes of the age,
He was the warrior and the sage!
He left a train of glory bright,
Which never will be hid in night!
* * * * * * * *
And every sex and every age
From lisping boy to learned sage,
The widow and her orphan son,
Revere the name of Washington.'

It is a plain brick structure—shaded by the waving branches of the fragrant cedar. The simple inscription on the front produces the impressive effect of sublimity upon the mind and thrills it with lofty and sacred associations. It is as follows.

WASHINGTON FAMILY.

I am the resurrection and the life—he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.—*John.*

The rays of the warm sun gilded the spot and the shadow of the trees resting upon the grass that grew over the arched roof and here and there upon the circumjacent ground, was refreshing to the eye. We took a few sprigs of the branches that hung over the entrance, and silently and thoughtfully followed our venerable guide to the old tomb where the body was first deposited. It was built of the same materials—but is now in a ruined state. When the body was removed, our guide informed us that the mahogany covering of the lead coffin had entirely rotted away even to the screws and nails. The lead coffin was put into a plain wooden box and then deposited in the new tomb. From this spot—he said, the family never would consent that it should be removed. We brought away from the old tomb a bit of stone on which the coffin had rested for so many years (which seemed to us hallowed by this simple circumstance) and some of the acorns which dropt from the oak that lifts itself majestically near by—and seems to have been the protection of the place from all irreverent intrusion. We then naturally directed our steps towards the house—anxious to see those apartments where the father of his country studied and wrote, conversed, and planned, partook of the joys and indulged in the endearments of domestic life. We passed through the entry that divides the house, into what is called the setting-room. As every thing that is associated with the 'First in the hearts of his countrymen' is interesting, I trust I shall be excused for minuteness of description. Few alterations of any consequence, have been made since his death.

This remark may be made of the apartments in general. The room just mentioned is of moderate size and every thing about it indicates a simple taste. This is true of all the apartments into which we were admitted. The first object that attracted our attention was the identical library, over whose books he had pondered—enclosed in a large window case occupying or rather constituting one side of the apartment. Various pictures lay upon the table in the centre of the room, near which stood two of Mrs Washington's sons. Among other things we noticed a large map—a fan of peacock feathers—and busts of La Fayette and General Washington placed on opposite sides of the apartment. Near this is a room where he transacted business and did all his writing. The wainscotting and ceiling (this is highly ornamented and beautiful) are the same as when he occupied it. The same pictures and engravings hang on the walls—but since his death they have been newly framed. Among them I noticed 'Hector and Andromache.' 'The Fall of Montgomery.' 'The defence of Gibraltar'—and 'The battle of Bunker's Hill.' On the other side of the entry is a small room for winter—neat and appropriately furnished. An adjourning room quite spacious added by the General and containing a fire-frame presented him by La Fayette when he heard that he was enlarging his house. It is of exquisite marble—having various agricultural emblems wrought upon it—such as sheep—cattle—a milk-maid &c. The ceiling is decked with similar devices—such as the rake—spade—pitch-fork——pick-axe—sickle—wheat-sheaf—&c. These are arranged in groups in the centre and angles of a large figure occupying the whole ground. A neat organ—a portrait of Judge Washington, nephew of the General, and a large painting comprising the different members of Mrs Washington's family (the present occupant, (whose husband was a nephew of the Judge) embrace all that deserves notice. There is an adjacent room of small size—containing a painting on canvass over the fireplace—an engraved apotheosis of Washington—a perfect likeness of the General executed by a French boy upon a pitcher and so exquisitely that it has been cut out and framed—a fine view of Mount Vernon and the serpentine waters of the Potomac—&c. In the entry, your attention is attracted by several engravings, and curiosities on either side—a dog and heron—two representations of a fox-chase—two landscapes without name—the key of the Bastile—a tooth of the Mammoth—and over the door that opens upon the piazza—bronze images of slaves and lions. The door was thrown open and we went out upon the piazza which extends the whole length of the house. For the information of those who have never seen an engraving of the house, it may be remarked that it is two stories in height, covering an oblong square—and of a color not much different from white—with a sort of cupola and wings (or what may be denominated such,) thrown back or to the rear of the main building. The latter are structures somewhat resembling magnified belfries, at the extremity of covered passages. The view from the Piazza of the winding course of the silver Potomac—fort Warburton and other objects of interest in the distance—is hardly equalled in our country. The house itself has a light and airy appearance and the whole picture limned upon the fancy answers to the vivid description of an oriental scene. Having seen all that was likely to gratify curiosity in the abode of the departed—we retraced our steps to the rear of the house—and whiled away a short time in examining the lovely daffodils and hyacinths which grew plentifully on the grounds—the luxuriant box—so lofty and large-leafed—and a strikingly beautiful young horse-chesnut which well nigh remained a puzzle to us all. We then passed through the garden to the green-house which was built by the General. This we found much in a state of decay—the shingles upon the roof shrivelled to a fraction of their original size. Inside however all looked thriving and blooming. Among other plants and trees we noticed the myrtle—the orange—the cocoa-nut—the date—the palmetto—the laurentinus—and two magnificent specimens of the sago—raised by General Washington, and fifteen years old when he died.

The rarities of the green-house were pointed out and explained to us by another slave or servant of the family—who seemed to be the gardener—and was highly intelligent and polite.

We had now seen Mount Vernon—with all that it contains hallowed by associations with the past—with the good and the great—with all it has to touch the heart of the stranger—the lover of his country—the lover of patriotism—virtue and piety. In the short space of time we had been there—we had contracted a warm affection and deep reverence for the spot and when we left it—it was like turning our backs upon an old and valued friend.

S. A. D.

THE FORMS OF SELFISHNESS IN THE CHURCH.

Of selfishness it may be said, as of its archetype, Satan, that it 'takes all shapes that serve its dark designs.' One of the most frequent forms in which it appears is that of party spirit; and which, for the sake of distinction, may be denominated *the selfishness of the sect.* Circumstances, perhaps inevitable to humanity in its present probationary state, have distributed the Christian church into sections; but as the points of difference, which have divided it, are, *for the most part*, of much less importance than the vital points in which these sections agree, there is nothing in the nature of such differences to necessitate more than circumstantial division: there is every thing in their principles of agreement to produce and perpetuate substantial oneness, and cordial love. But this the demon of selfishness forbids. It erects the points of difference into tests of piety. It resents any real indignity offered by the world to the entire church, far less than it resents any supposed insult offered by other sections of the church to its own party. The general welfare is nothing in its eye, compared with its own particular aggrandizement. When Christians should have been making common cause against the world, selfishness is calling on its followers to arm, and, turning each section of the church into a battlemented fortress, frowns defiance on all the rest. It is blind to the fact that God, meanwhile, is employing them all; and smiling upon them all; or if compelled to behold it, eyeing it askance with a feeling which prevents it from rejoicing in their joy. When the church should have been spending its energies for the good of man, devoting its passions like so much consecrated fuel, for offering up the great sacrifice of love which God is waiting to receive, it is wasting its feelings in the fire of unholy contention till that fire has almost become its native element. And thus Christianity is made to present to the eye of an indiscriminating world, the unamiable and paradoxical spectacle of a system which has the power of attracting all classes to itself, but of repelling them all from each other—forgetting, that in the former they see Christianity triumphing over selfishness, and in the latter, selfishness defeating Christianity.

Bigotry, is another of the forms in which an inordinate self-love delights—*the selfishness of the creed.* In this capacity, as in the former, its element is to show division where nothing should be seen but union, among the members of the family of Christ. The great scheme of mercy originated in a love which consented to overlook the enmity and fierce rebellion of its objects, or rather, which looked on that enmity only to pity and provide for its removal; but those who profess to have been the objects of that love, will not allow each other the liberty of the slightest conscientious difference, without resenting that difference as a personal and meditated affront; as if the natural enmity of their hearts against God had only changed its direction, and had found its legitimate objects in his people. Under a pretence of zeal for God, bigotry violates the sanctuary of conscience, and creates an inquisition in the midst of the church. Erecting its own creed into a standard of universal belief, it would fain call down fire from heaven, or kindle a furnace seven times hotter than an ordinary anger would demand, for all who presume to question its infallibility:—thus justifiying the world in representing the *odium theologicum* as a concentration of all that is fierce, bitter, and destructive in the human heart. The Lord they profess to obey, would have them to embrace with a comprehensive affection all who exhibit the least traces of his image; but the strongest traits, the most marked conformity to his likeness, is a very uncertain introduction to their hearts compared with a likeness of creed.

Nearly akin to this is, what, for the sake of convenience, may be denominated *the selfishness of the pulpit*: that fearful spirit which presumes to limit what God meant to be universal—the overtures of redemption to a ruined world. Selfishness, indeed, in this repulsive form, is of comparatively limited existence; and, as if by a judicial arrangement of providence, it is commonly, in our day, associated with errors and tempers so unamiable that its own nature forbids it to become general. It daringly undertakes to 'number Israel;' to determine not only that few will be saved, but who that few will be. Its ministers, faithful to their creed, stand before the cross, and hide it, lest men should see it who are not entitled or intended to behold it; a danger which they jealously avoid, a responsibility they would tremble to incur. The gospel charters redemption to the world,—but they have heard that there are divine decrees; and until they can logically reconcile their views of the divine inflexibility with the universality of the divine compassion, the charter must stand over, and souls perish unwept; and the gospel of Christ, God's great gift, the adequate image of the infinitude of his love, be branded with the stigma of exclusiveness. Put the affairs of the kingdom of Christ into their hands,—and, under the affectation of a pious dread of contravening the sovereign purposes of God, or of forestalling his appointed time,—they would forthwith call home the agents of mercy in distant lands, break up the institutions, and stop the whole machinery of Christian benevolence. In the midst of a famishing world, they would establish a monopoly of the bread of life; and though assailed on all sides by the cries of a race in the pains of death, would not cease to exchange smiles radiant with self-complacency while continuing to cater to their own pampered appetites. 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' They know not that they are perverting that which was meant to be the destruction of selfishness, into its very aliment and nurse; they know not, that, next to the *destruction* of the gospel, they could not furnish Satan with a greater triumph than thus to silence its inviting voice, and to suppress the agencies of its disciples. It is to arrest the course of the angel having the everlasting gospel, and flying through the midst of heaven, and to confine him to their own contracted horizon; to demonstrate that nothing is too monstrous to be apprehended from our nature when its selfish tendencies are the materials employed, since it can construct a system out of the gospel itself, whose most appropriate title would be 'Christianity made selfishness.'

The selfishness of the pew, is another form of the same pervading evil; incomparably less pernicious, indeed, than the last mentioned, but far more extensive in its existence. This is that modification of selfish piety which lives only to be *personally comforted*; which, in all its reading and hearing, makes its own individual comfort, not a means, but an end; and which, in pursuit of that end, goes up and down in the world, crying, 'Give, give, and is never satisfied.' The divine Redeemer describes the faithful shepherd as leaving the ninety and nine sheep for a time, to traverse the wilderness in quest of *the one wanderer*. But this unlovely spirit, reversing the touching picture, would have him neglect ninety and nine wanderers to attend exclusively to one folded sheep. An epicure in comfort, it is impatient if the cup of consolation be removed from its lips for a moment, though that moment was only seized to say to a famishing multitude, 'Come now, for all things are ready.' Devout only in little things, it cannot bear to have its mind diverted from its own personal and particular state, even though the sight to which its attention is called is the wants of a world. It will consent to listen just once a year to the claims of the perishing heathen; but it feels as if more than that were too much, were pressing the subject unnecessarily on its attention. The amplitude of the divine love seeks to comprehend the universe in its large and life-giving embrace, and calls on our affections to arise and follow it in its vast diffusion; but this selfishness stays at home, builds itself in, sees no glory in that love but as it embraces a single point, and that point itself.

Consistent with itself, this same spirit, if followed from public into private, is found to become *the selfishness of the closet.* It penetrates even to the throne of God, and there, where, if any where, a man should give himself up to what is god-like, there, where he should go to engage an almighty agency in the behalf of his race, it banishes from his thoughts every interest but his own, rendering him a suppliant for himself alone. It makes him as exclusively intent on his own individual advantage, as if spiritual, like worldly good, could not be shared by others without diminishing the portion to be enjoyed by himself.

Let us place ourselves, in imagination, near to the throne of God,—and what do we behold?—a number of needy suppliants returning daily to his throne, a large proportion of whom are as unmindful of each other as if each came from a different world, and represented a distinct race of beings; as completely absorbed in their respective interests as if the welfare of the species depended on their individual success. There, where each should think of all, and feel himself blended with the great whole, he virtually disclaims kindred with all, deserts the common interest, and strives for himself alone. They come and lay their hand upon the springs of an agency, which, if put in motion, would diffuse happiness through the world; but they leave that agency unsolicited and unmoved. The blessed God calls them into his presence, partly that they might catch the radiance of his throne, and transmit it to a world immersed in the shadow of death; but provided they catch a ray of that light for themselves, the gloom of the world may remain unrelieved. He points out the infinity of their resources in himself, gives them access to more than they need for themselves, in order that they may go and instrumentally administer to the wants of others. He calls them to his throne as a royal priesthood, as intercessors for the race; but, instead of imploring the divine attention to the wants of the world, each of them virtually calls it off from every other object, to consecrate it upon a unit, and that unit himself. He has so laid his vast and gracious plans, that he can be enjoyed fully, only in communion, in the great assembly of heaven; but, in contravention of these plans, each one seeks to contract for himself separately with God, as if he would fain engross to himself the whole of the divine goodness. What an affecting view is this of the power of selfishness, and of the infinite patience of God in bearing with it.—*Mammon.*

MORAL FABLE.

The Drop of Water, the Brook, the River, and the Ocean. A drop of water that sparkled like a jewel in the sun, once fell from the clouds, into a little mountain stream, and ere it lost its identity, exclaimed in all the anguish of desolation,—'Alas, what a catastrophe!—I am swallowed up in immensity.' The little stream laughed as it leaped down the mountain side, at the lamentation of such an insignificant thing as a drop of water, and, vain of its consequence, continued brawling its crystal way, in all the pride of conscious superiority, until at length with a sudden plunge it fell headlong into a mighty river, and like the drop of water, was lost in a moment, crying out in its last agonies,—'O, fate! who would have thought a brook of my size could be swallowed up so easily?' The river murmured its contempt for the little stream, and continued its course, gathering strength and pride breaking through mountains, tearing the rocks from their seats, and coursing, in a thousand grotesque meanders, through flowing meadows until it found its way to the vast and melancholy ocean, in whose boundless waste, it lost its being, like the drop of water and the little murmuring stream. 'Is it possible,' exclaimed the mighty river, 'that I have been thus collecting tribute from half a world, only to be swallowed up at last?'

'Tis thus with thee, O man! Thou beginnest in insignificance, like the drop of water; thou becomest a laughing, leaping brawling thing, like the brook; thou waxest proud and great, like the mighty river; and ere thou canst say, in the vanity of thy heart, 'What an illustrious mortal am I,' thou art swallowed up in eternity.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Who could have believed that in the nineteenth century such a creed, or form of faith, as the following, should not only be adopted by intelligent and learned men, well acquainted with the scriptures, but be absolutely and indispensably necessary to be subscribed by every Professor in the Institution *professedly* protestant, and to be repeated every five years? 'I believe that there is *one* and but *one* true God—that in the Godhead are *three* persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; and that these *three* are one.' How this creed, and the requirement to subscribe it, and to *continue* to subscribe it every five years, can be reconciled to another injunction, 'to explain the scriptures with integrity and faithfulness,' is also a difficult question which arises: Or with the promise made by the professor, 'to maintain the Christian faith, with all the doctrines of our holy religion, and according to the best light God shall give me.' If the light given militate with the creed, required to be repeated every five years, what is to be done? Either the light which God gives, or the creed, must be opposed. Some men, who claim to be the only orthodox, or only true believers in the gospel, are continually complaining of a departure from the creed of our Forefathers by the liberal, or Unitarian clergy. We ask such to recollect what Hubbard, the early historian of New England, says—'That, on the dispute introduced by the wild notions of Mrs Hutchinson, it was found, that neither in the New Testament nor in the writings of the *three* first centuries was there any thing about the *Person* of the Holy Spirit—that there were gifts and graces of the holy spirit, or spirit of God, was clear from Scripture; but as to the term *person* it had better be disused, as it was not of divine, but only of human authority.' The observation of the celebrated Dr Owen may also be recommended to the notice of those who insist on fettering the mind by creeds—'I would not be a rival to the theologian who could boast, that in fourteen years he had not altered or improved his conceptions, touching something in religion.' This was said to one who was very positive and dogmatical, and who censured all further inquiry, or change of opinion after such examination.

B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'COME LET US REASON TOGETHER.'

ISAIAH, i. 18.—'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.'

A parent loves not the less a weak or wayward child; but rather loves him the more, in proportion to the anxiety and solicitude he occasions. So should we all look towards our fellows, who may be so blind to their own welfare, as to give us and others, trouble by their offences: We should even feel the more tender solicitude for them, and attribute all their faults to an ignorant, perverted, or deranged state of mind, which we should try gently to help, and reform.

Christians are doubtless wrong to persecute as they sometimes do, those who differ from them. Even Infidels are our brothers, and should be treated with kindness. Let us, if we can, find out wherein lies the cause of division between Infidels and their brothers.

Christians often abuse Infidels for refusing *proofs* of doctrines which are evident to themselves, because possessed of the *faith* upon which the opposed arguments rest.

It seems to me that the difficulty lies in this: that Christians expect of Infidels to take a second step, before the first—to rear a structure without a foundation. Infidels deny that it can be done; and Christians, overlooking the difficulty, urge absurdly that it can be. Now Christians, and the best modern philosophers, distinguishing, as they do, the universe into super and sub-agencies—the one called spiritual because not cognizable by Physics; and the other, Physical because they are so cognizable, so they suppose man to be of two natures—a spiritual and a physical nature: and they believe that by the first, through *its* senses of Conscience, Consciousness &c, he receives impressions from the great source of spiritual influences, called God, as by the second, through *its* senses, he receives impressions from the secondary source of Physical influences called Nature. Christians then, relying on evidences by the first nature as confidently as by the second, possess a foundation of faith for evidences, which, Infidels not regarding the first nature, cannot reasonably admit.

Now we just as well might argue that a physically blind man could be a painter who never saw colors—or an artist, not noticing his blindness, might with like plausibility insist upon his trying to paint, because to himself it was easy enough, as for Christians to insist that the *spiritually* blind, who even doubt if they have any spiritual sense, or if there exist any nature distinct from physical, can discern the shades of spiritual relations, upon which all Christian arguments are based. Let Christians first cure the blindness of Infidels, that they may the better know themselves—first convince them, as I think they may in time, by patient and candid argument, of the reality of their *spiritual* nature, and they will then see that they are sons of God, as well as of nature—and will be then ready to consider the spiritual evidences of Christianity concerning a future life. Infidels urge nearly the same practical virtues that Christians do, and by similar logical and philosophical arguments; and all that we wish to effect by their conversion, is to afford to them a cheering confirmation of these virtues, an insight to the more ennobling ones of a spiritual life, and the blissful faith in a progressive improvement and happiness hereafter.

B. H J.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

Mr Editor,—Perhaps no book, published in modern times, has excited so much interest in a certain class of readers, as the one of which the title stands above. That class includes the clergy generally, but more especially the Unitarian ministers; and many of their late works seem to be in no slight degree tinged with the spirit of the Philosophy of clothes. If Sartor Resartus had not been published, we should not have had 'NATURE,' such as it now is, and it is not improbable that Professor Teufelsdrockh suggested Mr Furness' work on miracles. A book producing such effects, should be studied and thoroughly understood, for if its scope be not measured, and its purpose be not fathomed, it may be productive of much evil. In the well written preface to the American edition we are told, that 'the manifest design of the work is a criticism upon the spirit of the age.' This I suspect to be not more than half the truth, for the book seems to me to contain the history of modern philosophy. In that very enigmatical personage Diogenes Teufelsdrockh 'Professor of things in general in the New University of Weissnichtwo,' I believe the author intended to represent the Genius of Modern philosophy, perhaps, more especially that of the German or transcendental school.

I am too ignorant of 'things in general,' and of the history of philosophy in particular, to be able to do more than guess at this; but any one who will consider attentively the mysterious beginning of Teufelsdrockh, and his *no* end; his wanderings, and his disappearances; the total absence of all dates in his history, and the hint at the close of the volume that he was at that time 'actually in London;' may find that this guess is not altogether groundless and foolish. I have not the book at hand, or it might, otherwise, quote many passages in proof of this. The book is indeed 'a mighty maze, yet not without a plan.' Who is Andreas Futtural, regimental schoolmaster to Frederick the great? Voltaire? Did not Teufelsdrockh dwell long, in solitary speculation, in his high German watch tower above the world and not of the world? Did he not afterward descend among men, and wander over the earth often entirely lost to sight? We are told that he fell in love with 'Blumine,' and, though we have no dates, I suspect that Goethe the philosophical lover of Poetry is here hinted at. Was the English Hergood who married Blumine, Coleridge, or Byron? But it is not, Mr Editor, my intention to incumber your columns with a long and useless article. If my guess be well founded, abler pens than mine must prove it to be so, and if it be not, I have already written more than enough.

V.

Canton, March, 10, 1837.

Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: '*Do the duty which lies nearest thee*,' which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of spiritual enfranchisement is even this: when your ideal world, where in the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your 'America is here or nowhere'?' The situation that has not its duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, harapered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment, too, is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or of that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou, that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!

'But it is with man's soul as it was with nature; the begining of creation is—light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: 'Let there be light!' Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least? The mad primeval discord is hushed; the rudely jumbled, conflicting elements bind themselves into separate firmaments; deep, silent rocks-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault with its everlasting luminaries above; instead of a dark, wasteful chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed world.

'I, too, could now say to myself; Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even a worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.'—*Sartor Resartus.*

From the Sunday School Advocate.

HOW TO INTEREST CHILDREN.

My child is continually asking for stories—more stories,—until my powers of imagination and invention are exhausted,—what shall I do? has been the exclamation a thousand times. It shows that the mother who makes it does not distinctly understand the nature of the intellectual want which she is called upon to supply.—'Stories' mean *talk*,—or, at least, any talk about what is new will satisfy the appetite

for stories. Set off, then, on any track, and talk. Suppose you could, yourself, meet a man who had been in the moon, and he should sit down and describe accurately and vividly what he saw there, any day; how he took a walk, and what objects he saw and what incidents he met with; or suppose he should describe the interior of a room, any room whatever there,—the furniture, the instruments, their uses and construction; why, there would not be an hour of his residence in the planet that would not afford abundant materials for a conversation to which we should listen with the deepest interest and pleasure. Well, now, we must remember that this world is *all moon* to children, and we can scarcely go amiss in describing it. There is no hour in your day, and no object you see, which is not full of subjects of interest to them.

For instance, suppose a child comes to his mother's side while she is sitting at her work, and wants a story. She casts her eyes about her for a subject, and as my sandbox is the object that presents itself first to my attention, I will suppose it to be the one that arrests hers. Come, she says, I will tell you about my sand box. She then shows it to him, unscrews the top, points out the various parts, and explains them. It is a little broader at the bottom than in the middle, that it may stand steady,—and at the top that it may receive the sand easier from the paper. She shows why there are many small holes instead of one large one,—what the sand is used for—how it sticks upon the wet ink and not upon the dry,—why black, rather than white sand is used, and why the box is formed into a sort of basin at the top. And each one of these particulars is a subject of itself as copious as the whole box which suggested them. The first, for instance, the broadness of the bottom, to secure steadiness of support, may lead to other similar cases; the bottom of the lamp, or the inkstand, or a hundred other things similarly constructed, and the principles by which steadiness is given to chairs, tables, &c., by the position of the legs. In the same manner each of the other parts of the article is, of itself, an independent topic.

Thus every object in the room is the subject for a lecture, or a story of half an hour. A pin, a wafer, a key, a stick of wood,—there is nothing which is not full of interest to children, if you will only be *minute* enough.—*Abbott.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TO 'AN OLD TEACHER.'

Respected brother,—I read your remarks in the last Register upon an article inserted in the Sunday School Teacher; and feeling a 'reverence' for age and experience, and presuming from the tone of the 'strictures' that in the hurry of preparing an article for my friend some expression might have escaped me which could be construed into a disrespect and want of 'due deference' for our pastors, I had concluded that the garment fitted me, and felt inclined to wear and profit by it, as a 'timely warning of a possible danger.' I had flattered myself, that, being an obscure and modest individual, and the sole destined subject of your 'warning,' I might lay it to heart and profit by it in silence. But on mingling with my associates, I found that I was looked upon as one who had uttered 'harsh and somewhat unjust' censure upon a class of men in our community, for whom no one has deeper respect and love, or a kindlier feeling of gratitude than myself,—among whom my heart feels glad in recognising those whose counsel has been to me a pure solace in the dark hours of earth, a holy happiness and gentle restrainer in its time of joy. Who is there, my brother, *should* feel so deeply,—who is there who should cherish the counsel of a good christian minister,—who is there who should thank his Father in heaven for the benign influence of the gospel ministry, if it be not he who has gone out from the altar-fires of his childhood, and mingled, unknowing and unknown, a stranger and alone, with that great world which has no sympathy with his temptation and sorrow, no feeling of joy for the glad sunshine which here and there illumes his way? I have great need, indeed, of the counsel it is my duty to give to the little ones of my charge, could I thus turn upon those who have loved me and whom I love, and judge of my brother man thus harshly, ungratefully, unjustly, as your remarks seem to imply.

Turn again for a moment, my brother, to the page you have so severely criticised. Read it again, calmly—weigh and judge the words there put down as you would have your own weighed and judged, and tell me if your verdict is justified by the testimony you find there. I have looked at it again since your strictures,—I have again and again perused it, to see if I could view it through your medium—I turned it, criticised it, read it detached and together,—ay, more, I have read it with those whose judgment I respect and rely upon,—but in vain have I searched for one word of reproach, or one unjust stricture on the conduct of any one. The only expression I can find in that article *tending* in the least toward 'unjust stricture,' the only one that could possibly be distorted into aught of this kind, and the one which seems to have attracted your notice is, 'let him leave his learned lore in his closet,'—for in the general subject-matter you join issue with me. Now, my brother, I again repeat the expression I allude to—I again say, 'let our pastor leave his learned lore in his closet;' and can any one think this a mark of disrespect? Suppose I were to say to a Sunday School Teacher that he must leave his scholastic lore at home, and not bring it to his class—you would not, surely, call this a mark of disrespect, or say that I was talking 'flippantly' to him. Even thus I would say to the pastor, 'with due deference,' let him come to our circle, not to show his learning only,—let his influence come as the warm sunbeams, silently, imperceptibly imparting instruction and vitality to all around; let him try to make those who are there perfectly at ease, as if they were in the presence of one who came there to be instructed as well as to instruct. Do you tell me this is almost impossible, and that it is hard to throw off the preacher and become the man,—the child of God? Facts are stubborn things. Come with me on some evening to a circle I love to be in, and I ask no other argument, but to show you a Christian pastor in the midst of a band, who look upon him as one of their own brethren,—one who is as much instructed by being there, as is any one of their number. Ay, more, come with me to his school, and I will show you the best parish school in the city;—further—come with me into his crowded church, and you shall see one of the most attentive, *Christian* audiences in our land;—still further, take up the periodicals of our denomination, and you find his productions among the most useful and able; farther still, come with me among the various benevolent societies, and you shall see his name among the most active. Does any one complain of him, or of such as these? Yes, they fear such may do too much—they fear lest the spirit should be stronger than the earthly house it lives in. Does any one 'speak flippantly' or 'think too lightly' of them? Does any one seem 'deficient in modesty and humility' to such as these, or 'forgetful of the deference we owe to the appointed messengers of the gospel'? No, my brother, fear not that men whose respect is worth a thought will ever cease to respect the Christian minister so long as he is true to his own calling—so long as he performs faithfully and with his whole heart the duty of a watchman on Zion.

Enough of this, my elder brother. You and I are laboring for the same good end, the promotion of the common cause of virtue and religion. You and I believe, (for if you are a true Sunday School Teacher you must believe it,) that the Sabbath School is one of the great hopes of the church,—the source whence must come up those who will bend at these same altars when we have gone to our rest,—the nursery for that great harvest of souls who shall sing praises with the angel bands around God's throne. I think I have shown you that your strictures are unjust, and that you have mistaken the spirit of the article you have criticised. Let us, then, provoke each other to good works and noble resolutions; and when we pass each other in the great highway of life, or in our sphere of duty with our loved ones, let a heartfelt 'God speed thee' be our only strife.

Your younger brother, HOWARD.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

STUDY OF GEOLOGY.

This science from its ennobling and invigorating influence upon the mind, as well as in reference to its practical bearings in the economy of life, is beginning to receive the attention it deserves. No subject in the hands of a popular lecturer is listened to with more interest, and none inspires greater love and enthusiasm in the student. Its theme is the history, primeval and recent, of our planet, all whose revolutions and phenomena it attempts to explain. It is the ally of Scripture, for it gives unequivocal testimony in favor of its sacred records, as to the creation and the Mosaic deluge; and moreover these records are every day receiving fresh and still stronger confirmation, by the disclosures which the science is now making. We might expect, a priori, that such would be the case—that there would prove a resultant harmony between the works and word of the Creator. Some in their anxiety to uphold Scripture, may have been incautious as to the means, and adduced arguments, hardly derived from nature, which sceptics and acute reasoners have disproved; thus injuring their own cause. But Cuvier, Buckland, Conebeare, and some others have shown no disposition to force a coincidence where they believed it would be brought about in the natural course of things. Such, as we have hinted, has been the case, and some who have taken up the subject biassed against the Scriptures, have in the end proved their friends.

There are many reasons then why Geology should be made a universal branch of study and enquiry. Especially should the youth of our country become interested in it, and it is fortunate for them that the means of acquiring this knowledge in relation to their own country have become great through the favor which the subject has lately received from our Legislative bodies. It is but a few years since the example was set by one of our states (North Carolina) of having a complete survey made of its territory. Now we have able and elaborate reports, comprising in some cases the mineralogy, botany, and zoology, of not less than five or six of the other States. That of Maine, recently made by Dr Jackson of this city, has just been laid before the public, accompanied by pictorial representations of scenery &c. We are glad Gov. Everett has recommended a more thorough examination of our own State, though many have erroneously supposed that this had been rendered unnecessary by the labors of Professor Hitchcock—whose report able and accurate so far as it goes, has been before the public for about three years. The researches too of Mr Featherstonhaugh in the territories of Missouri and Arkansas, have disclosed a grand body of information in regard to the mineral resources of those places. It is to be regretted however that this gentleman has given himself up too much to generalization and the drawing of mere theoretical inferences quite foreign to the descriptive geology of a country which should treat of well established facts alone. Theories belong to the systems or at least we are to look only to our Cuviers, Bucklands, Beaumonts for the authorized and legitimate deductions from natural phenomena presented by the structure of the earth. The reports just presented to the Legislature of New York, embodying the researches of four of her most distinguished Geologists, have the merit of being free from speculations of any kind; and it is in relation to these that I intend more particularly to speak. The survey was undertaken by the recommendation of the Governor, and a liberal appropriation made by the Legislature to carry it into execution. The State was divided into five general sections, each of which was assigned to a Geologist and his assistant, four years being allowed for the completion of their examinations and preparation of their final reports. The Zoological and Botanical Department of natural history were also assigned to two other gentlemen, in order that a knowledge of the entire natural history and productions of the state, organic and inorganic, might be spread out before the public. No reports from these last named gentlemen have as yet appeared; their labor is of a character which requires the most careful and minute examinations, in searching out every species of plant, insect and fish that exists in the State, and arranging them according to the system. When the whole is completed, accompanied by Geological maps, colored sections, and views of remarkable scenery and localities, it is probable that no work of a similar character which has appeared in this country, will equal it either in the clearness and accuracy of its details, or in the beauty of its execution.

New York presents a great diversity in its geological structure, all the rock formations of our country from the oldest to the most recent, occurring in it, and abounding in the most interesting mineral species. Compared however, with Pennsylvania and some of the other states, it is not probable that the article of coal will ever be met with in sufficient quantity to become a source of much profit, if, in fact, it should ever be wrought at all; for although the rocks in which this material occurs elsewhere form no inconsiderable portion of the state, and actually contain in many places scattered veins of coal with the accompanying fossil organic remains, they give no promise of large and continuous beds. Indeed, there are some local circumstances pointed out in one of the reports which almost *prove* that no extensive mines will ever be discovered. But for them we must refer to the report itself. The northern section of the state abounds in primitive rocks, such as granite, gneiss &c, which afford beds of valuable iron ore, quarries of limestone, marble &c, fully compensating for the absence of coal, and which have already afforded immense wealth to those engaged in working them. Saline springs, affording by evaporation large supplies of common salt, are found in the red sandstone, or saliferous rock of Eaton, along the borders of Lake Ontario, associated also with important beds of gypsum or plaster of Paris, and perhaps with massive rock salt. Of simple minerals interesting to science but of no particular value as applied to the arts or manufactures, no State in the Union affords a richer variety than New York. They are among the most admired and valuable specimens in the cabinets of foreign mineralogists.

It is to be hoped that these, and similar examinations in our country, will be followed up with the greatest vigor, encouraged by our public authorities, as in the end, we doubt not that the arts and manufactures, as well as natural history in general, will be greatly benefitted by the rich mineral productions and valuable facts which will be disclosed. Our Colleges and Lyceums will also derive immediate advantages from these surveys, and from the reciprocal exchanges of objects collected by, and among the different States, and preserved by each in suitable cabinets, one will present the Geology Mineralogy &c. of another, and finally, when the surveys shall have been completed, of every state and territory within the limits of our extended country. It must take some time to effect this, but the plan has been proposed by one who has foreseen its advantages, and we trust that these may be fully realized.

F. A.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SKETCHES OF THE DOCTRINES OF THE NEW CHURCH.—No. 2.

[Two errors of the press occured in the sketch in our last;—in the tenth line from the bottom of the second column, 'spiritual prayers' should be 'spiritual progress;' and in the next column, 'their prayers through the wilderness' should be their progress.']

We first spoke of the Bible, because this church regards the Word of God as the foundation of all religious belief, and the source of all religious instruction. And as all its instruction is profitless, excepting so far as it affects the conduct and life, we speak next of the doctrine of this church concerning life.

The whole bible is full of instruction as to man's duties, and as to the principles which should govern his conduct. And all its instruction, in this respect, may be considered as condensed into and contained within the ten commandments. These then are the primary and essential laws of man's life.

They are universal. All nations do not possess and all ages have not possessed the bible. But there has never been a religious system, which did not contain within its code of laws, prohibitions more or less similar to the commandments. These laws are made thus universal, because they are not arbitrary but real. They are binding on man not only because God has enacted and announced them as His laws, but because they are, in themselves, infinitely true and infinitely good; and because, from their very nature and essence, they are guiding truths which will lead men to all good.

It may not be easy to explain this intelligibly, in a brief space. We must begin however with repeating the remark that God alone has life in Himself,—the life of man being derived from His life. The divine purpose in the creation of man, is, to give existence to a being who might receive life and blessedness from Him. But the infinite and eternal divine life is love and wisdom, and nothing beside; this is meant as a most real and strict truth and not as a mere figure; for God is a spirit, and whatsoever there is of Him partakes either of His affections, and then it is infinite love, or of His thoughts, and then it is infinite wisdom. Therefore the life which man was created to receive, is love and wisdom; and to this end he was created with a will into which the divine love might flow, and with an understanding into which the divine wisdom might flow. By this is meant, not merely that man should be the object of divine love and wisdom; but that love and wisdom from their eternal source should flow into man and become *his* love and *his* wisdom, or the love and wisdom of the Lord *in him.*

It was not the divine purpose that man should receive these as an inert, dead receptacle;—but as a living and free recipient; who receives them with affection, from choice, and in freedom. Therefore is man made a free-agent. But his freedom does not consist in the ability to reject instead of receiving life, for this would be annihilation; but in the ability to pervert and corrupt in himself the love which flows from his Creator, and transform it into its opposite, which is self-love;—the divine love being essentially the love of others. If he does this from choice, and again and again, and confirms himself in so doing, then his will,—always remaining the living receptacle of the divine love,—becomes nevertheless so formed and organized, that, of itself and at once, it performs this work of corruption and depravation upon the influent divine love, and changes it into its opposite; and the life of the man becomes a life of selfishness and evil. From this, there are important consequences, two of which in particular need to be remarked. The first is, that as the love is perverted into self-love, the wisdom which made one with the love, is corrupted into folly and falsehood. The other is, that this character and constitution of the will and understanding, becoming fixed and determined, descend to his children and his children's children, by an unending inheritance.

There are natural objects which will help us to understand this;—those plants for instance, which, by reason of their organic forms, convert the nutriment they derive from earth and air into poison, under the same heat and light which in others ripen wholesome and delicious fruit. Nor is this a mere comparison. The heat and light of the sun are the first effects in nature, and the representatives, of the creative and sustaining divine love and wisdom. The sun itself is an organized form and substance, created such that it may be the medium between spirit and matter;—that it may receive the divine love and wisdom, which are the life and sustenance of the spiritual world, and so receive as to transmit them forth as heat and light, and thus provide life and sustenance for the created material world. And the analogy goes on. The reception of heat and light into nature, and their influence and operation, may illustrate the reception of love and wisdom into the spirit of man and their spiritual influence and operation. There are vegetable forms, which the dews and gentle rains visit, and the sunshine falls on them and spring opens their buds and summer ripens their fruit, and that fruit is poison. But there could be no such plants, if there were not men upon whom the dew and the rain and the sunshine of a spiritual heaven fall, only to nurture affections which are the very opposite of heavenly life, and by their fatal venom extinguish that life; these men live on, and will forever; but it is forever the living death of sin and hell.

Here then is the analogy. The difference is this; the plants have no rational and voluntary life, and man has. Hence the plants remain what they are; but man may be reformed. He may be reformed by becoming the opposite of what he is now; and this he may become by pursuing a course the opposite of that which has brought him to his present condition; and the commandments are given him as guides, and power to obey them is given him, because obedience to them is precisely and in every particular the opposite of that conduct which has depraved his very nature, and made him what he is, and endangered his eternal condition. He has become what he is, by perverting the influent life of good and truth into its opposite; the commandments are the laws and forms of that life wherever it remains unperverted; and therefore a willing obedience to them is the way and the only way of returning to the life of heaven.

To us they come in the shape of prohibitory laws. The reason of this is the opposition between them and us. In themselves and in the heavens, they are not negative laws but positive truths. Thus, take the commandment, 'thou shalt not steal;' an angel, or a man (if we can imagine one) in whom dishonesty is extirpated, so that the thought or purpose of theft is impossible, would never think of this commandment as a restraining law, for to him it would be no restraint; it would be a truth descriptive of good and heaven. But the moment a thought comes up of the evil this commandment rebukes, it then becomes at once, an opposing, coercing, prohibiting law. Now, mankind, by their corruption and degeneracy, are full of all tendencies to all evils; and therefore the *truths*, which are descriptive of the life that is perfectly free from all these evils, when they descend into this world and come to mankind, become at once prohibitory laws; and until their work is accomplished they can only be seen as such; but when that work is wrought *within* a man, then are they 'transfigured before him;' they shine as the Sun, and he sees in them the very light of heaven.

From this it follows that these commandments are in exact opposition to all evil. That obedience to them is the opposite of indulgence in evil. That they are the weapons with which one may fight against his own evils; and that wherever we see what they require, we need seek no further, because whatever they oppose is necessarily opposed to man's eternal welfare; and we *must* seek no further, because every doubt of their sufficiency and every wish to go aside from them, comes from and betrays the influence of that evil, which they rebuke and would remove.

Obedience to the commandments, as to the commandments of God, is the one law of regenerating life. This must be constant, and the effect of it is gradual. Every time a disposition to sin is denied, the power of that sin is lessened within us, and the good which is the opposite of that sin has the greater strength. And every time we indulge in a thought, a word, or an act, which the commandments prohibit, we strengthen the influence which is drawing us away from life and heaven, and weaken those powers of good which alone can save us.

If the commandments themselves are not arbitrary laws, neither are the results arbitrary, to which obedience or its opposite leads, in this world or the next. And in our next remarks we shall endeavor to explain the doctrines of the New Church in relation to future rewards and punishments.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—a writer in the Register of the 18th of March inquires into the authority of an assertion, which is made in No. IV. of the article upon the Trial and Condemnation of Jesus, to wit, that 'the Jewish Law forbade *all arrest by night.*'

The question proposed is of little importance to the subject in hand since the informality in the process against Jesus is manifest in many instances, even if the arrest were legal. The author himself has not mentioned all the informalities, though one so well skilled in the Jewish Law could not fail to notice many others. The question therefore, of your correspondent 'Spenser,' is one of curiosity merely. If the arrest were illegal, there is one irregularity the more; but if it were 'according to law' there is only *one* anomaly the less. The question then has no important bearing upon the present case.

Your correspondent however will find the authorities he seeks, in those works which treat of the '*common Law*' of the Jews. In them he will, perhaps, find that all legal proceedings against a man by night are forbidden—for I understand this to be the meaning of the author, though a particular expression was introduced by the translator instead of the general statement that the Jewish Law forbade *all legal process by night.* I would refer your correspondent, for information upon this point, to the Jewish writers in *Sanhedrim, Makkoth, Lummim, Jom Tob,* (C. V.) *Mord Katon* (C. V.) & *Danim,* in which latter treatise he will find a pretty full account of the general manner of proceeding to arrest, and try a person accused. No doubt arrests were *sometimes* made by night, but it was a violation of the spirit of the Law as understood by its expounders.

The night was left free to the offenders that they might escape in safety, an opportunity which even Paul availed himself of. This, was in compliance with the merciful spirit of the Law's later expounders, who, declared that it was better that 999 of the guilty should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.' No doubt crime was increased by this leniency: the doctors of the Law were aware of the fact, but still remained averse to the shedding of blood. SPENCER.

For the Register and Observer.

SELF-DEFEATING POLICY.

I have either dreamed or read of a man who set fire to the temple of Diana, and assigned as a reason for his conduct, that he wished to immortalize his name. To defeat the purpose of this man the government passed a decree, prohibiting the mention of his name in a manner which would tend to transmit it to posterity as the famous incendiary. Of course this decree must have been recorded and published. The decree has, therefore, defeated its own purpose; it has caused the name of the incendiary to be immortalized according to his desire.

It may now be asked—has nothing occurred in our own country of the same self-defeating tendency? Look at the policy adopted by Governor McDuffie to prevent the slaves from becoming acquainted with the writings and doings of the abolitionists of the North. If I mistake not, the course he adopted did more to inform, to excite, and to inflame the minds of the slaves than it was in the power of the abolitionists to effect without his aid. Had the abolitionists been disposed to put their tracts into the hands of the slaves, instead of the hands of their masters, they could not have done it to any considerable extent, without the consent of the slaveholders. Besides, it is believed that very few of the slaves of that state can read; of course few of them could have obtained any knowledge of the doings of abolitionists by reading had the tracts been put into their hands. This was well known to abolitionists, so they sent their tracts *directed to slaveholders* and *not to slaves.*

To prevent the slaves from being improperly excited by the writings or the doings of abolitionists, there were two methods equally in the power of the governor. One was the course he adopted; and this was to address an inflammatory speech to the legislature of South Carolina, in which he represented the colored people as fit for no higher condition than that of slaves; and also represented the abolitionists as a numerous class of despicable fanatics, more deserving of the halter than to be tolerated as free citizens. Accordingly he recommended to the legislature of his state to call on the legislatures of the Northern states to enact severe laws to prevent the circulation of tracts against slavery and in favor of emancipation. The speech was of course published in that state, and also the doings of the legislature in compliance with the Governor's recommendations. These papers must naturally cause much discussion among the white people of the state. Hence the slaves probably obtained more information in one year, of what had been done in their favor by antislavery societies, than they would have obtained in ten years had the Governor said nothing on the subject. His policy was as really adapted to inform and to excite the slaves, as the Ephesian policy was to perpetuate the name of the incendiary. In both cases it was a self-defeating policy.

Instead of the course adopted by the Governor to prevent injurious effects from abolition tracts, he might have procured a parcel of the tracts and have made a friendly tour through the state, calling together in each county a large number of slaves. Addressing them in the spirit of kindness, as their political father; he might have told them that from a desire to promote their welfare he had undertaken the tour to assure them that they were not without friends, who sympathize with them in their afflictions, and who were seeking to improve their conditions; that they have not a few friends even in the slave states, and among slaveholders, who are hoping that the time is drawing near when they will be permitted to enjoy the privileges of free men, either in this country, or some other which will be better for them than this would be;—That in the Northern States they have a vast number of friends, many of whom have formed themselves into antislavery societies for the purpose of exciting a general sympathy in their favor,—and this in the hope that the slave-holders will soon be disposed to consent to their emancipation. He might justly have told the slaves, that some of their anti-slavery friends had been imprudent in passing indiscriminate censures on slaveholders, and on such of their brethren as had not seen their way clear to join an antislavery society; that many had been kept from joining such societies by these imprudences,—so that by such means they had really retarded the progress of their own cause; still, he might have added, there are many good and prudent men,—many worthy ministers of the gospel, who belong to such societies,—and that one principle greatly to be commended is adopted by them all;—for they clearly avow the opinion, that it would be very wrong and very unwise for the slaves to resort to any acts of violence, any thing like insurrection, or Lynch measures, to obtain their freedom,—and that it behoves them to be patient, quiet and faithful, while others are pleading their cause, lest they should bring evil on themselves and defeat the wishes of their anti-slavery friends. All this would have been telling the truth, and might have had a most happy effect on the minds of the slaves.

Now let conscience say, which of the two courses would have been most honorable to the Governor—most likely to prevent insurrection among the slaves—and most for the peace and lasting welfare of the state? If the Governor in such a tour should have distributed among the slaves some of the abolition tracts which express the views of antislavery societies respecting the path of duty and of wisdom on the part of the slaves, this might have greatly enforced his own instructions, and admonitions, and have had a powerful and happy effect on the minds of such slaves as can read.

As the slaves must naturally regard the antislavery men as their friends, how very impolitic and imprudent, as well as unjust, it must have been for the Governor, in his speeches, to the legislature, to speak of the abolitionists as men who would encourage the slaves to cut the throats of their masters, and to fill the state with blood and horror! If by the speeches of the Governor, or the acts of the legislature, the slaves have been made to believe that their northern friends wish them to resort to violence and insurrection; what could be more adapted to excite them to such a course? Is it not to be expected that they will wish to do, what they are made to believe is the desire of their friends? How much better, how much safer it would have been, then, for the Governor to have stated the truth, and nothing but the truth on this particular point. The truth would naturally have had a soothing and restraining influence on the minds of the slave, while the false representation that was given, was really adapted to excite the slaves to violence and insurrection. Should then the writings of antislavery men be the occasion of slave insurrection, to whom should the blame be attributed? to the writers, or to the men who falsely represent their designs, and mislead the minds of the slaves? So far as individuals have been imprudent or blameable, let them be blamed; but let us be above that base policy which imputes the fault of one, to hundreds of innocent men, for the purposes of reproach. What numerous society or sect has no imprudent men in it? And where is the man so perfect that he has never been chargeable with any imprudence or wrong? Let us learn to be candid, and to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. I belong to no anti slavery society; yet I am far from thinking myself worthy of more respect than many who have joined the society. I lament when I hear that any of my respected friends have uttered indiscriminate reproaches against anti-slavery men. I ask myself—are these, my friends, more worthy of esteem than the venerable Doctor Emmons, who was not ashamed to preside at an annual meeting of an anti-slavery society in the city of New York? N. WORCESTER.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 25, 1837.

DUMMER ACADEMY. DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

We have received two interesting pamphlets, one from the Trustees of Dummer Academy, giving a brief sketch of the history and advantages of that ancient Institution, together with a statement of the alterations and improvements about to be made in its conduct—and the other, a Report of the school Committee of the Town of Scituate, Mass. written by Rev. E. Q. Sewall—both which have been read with much pleasure.

It was our good fortune in boyhood to enjoy for a brief season the affectionate care and valuable instruction of the lamented Mr Adams, while he was the principal of Dummer Academy. To the truth of that part of the *account* of the Trustees which describes the beauties and advantages of the location of their venerable Institution, we can subcribe a hearty testimony.

The ancient brick mansion of Gov. Dummer, which is still remaining, communicates a sort of classic charm to the spot on which the Academy stands. We well remember how it filled our childish mind with sentiments of reverence to contemplate its time-worn walls and antique architecture; and that a strange awe crept over our soul as we walked at evening among its upper entries, or were waked at midnight by the roar of the storm as it beat against the casement of our chamber, in the very cerner of the attic.

There is no other Academy in New England where the wild nature of the boy can receive such a baptism from the impressive, subduing and hallowing spirit of antiquity—and—if we mistake not the day—it *must be good for* our youth, to be placed under influences, which, gently yet irresistibly shall make them bend their heads a little more reverently to what is venerable from age, or from virtue—in institution or in men.

Certain it is, however, that there was something inspiriting to generous effort on the part of the boy in the very circumstances of the history of that Academy. It was founded by the munificence of an individual; and he a Governor of Massachusetts. It was the oldest school for instruction in the learned language in New England. And it had been the scene of their early study and play, to a long train of eminent and holy men.

The heart of the child is open to be impressed by such facts and associations as these, and they are of a kind out of which a Plutarch or Fenelon would rejoice to draw a fund of the purest and noblest motives to honorable exertion.

The following account of the origin of the Academy is extracted from the statement of the Trustees.

It is the oldest school for instruction in the learned languages in New England. It was made a public seminary by an Act of Incorporation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, October, 3, 1782, in consequence of a legacy left by his Honor, William Dummer, who died in Boston, October 10, 1761. Gov. Dummer had a farm and country seat in Byfield, Massachusetts, both of which he left as a munificent donation for the foundation of a public school for the instruction of youth in the learned languages. Several gentlemen, moved by the desire of carrying the benevolent donor's intention into effectual operation, procured an act of incorporation for a grammar school or academy—the only one then in the State. They elected the famous Master Moody, as the Principal, and for a long time the seminary flourished under his superintendence. Some of our most distinguished men, both in church and state, have been educated in this venerable school.

Dummer Academy has been principally a classical school; its main object has been to teach the dead languages, and to fit its pupils for entrance into the colleges. In this respect, it is believed that, under a series of competent instructers, it has yielded to no school in our land, in point of pre-eminence. It is only necessary to mention the names of Moody, (who has been called the American Busby,) Allen, Abbot and Adams, with several others, to show that the school was competent to attain all it professed, and substantiate its highest claims to the public favor.

The Trustees propose to modify and enlarge their establishment and course of instruction in order to accommodate the school somewhat more to the wants and spirit of the age. For this purpose they intend to have two departments under two instructers—the one, in which the classical studies should continue to be taught, under the care of the Principal, Nehemiah Cleveland, Esq., and another department, embracing the English language and the Sciences, under a new teacher, to be chosen hereafter by the Trustees.

The following description of the spot on which the Academy stands is accurate as well as beautiful.

The venerable mansion-house of Gov. Dummer still standing, and in good repair. It is on a corner of that beautiful farm, which he gave for the support of the school, situated in the northern part of Essex County, in Massachusetts; is surrounded by a fine garden and trees; is spacious and convenient, and is excellently adapted to be a boarding-house for the pupils. The intention now is, that, in the coming year, (1837,) the two departments shall go into opera-

the teacher of the English department shall take this mansion as his residence, and to board the scholars; and that the Principal shall occupy the new house, which is now in the process of building, directly in the vicinity of the Academy; and that the other building, where the school has been kept and which is spacious and convenient, shall be devoted each story to each of the departments.

It need not be said to those, who have ever passed this very retired and rural scene, how well it is situated for the purpose of education. It is in a peaceful village, where nothing is found to corrupt the morals; it is on one of the great post roads leading from Newburyport to Boston, and is of easy access, at a convenient distance from the city. No tavern, no public courts, no assemblages of vice or haunts of dissipation are found in the neighborhood. The pupil dwells among the scenes of nature, and is incited by the stillness of her beauties to study and improvement. He finds every thing to promote his health and to protect his morals; a walk of four miles brings him to Newburyport, and the stages every day pass his residence. Two beautiful streams, Parker river and a brook that runs between Newbury and Rowley, inclose his dwelling on the north and south, and in summer invite him to the healthful exercise of bathing. Public worship is performed every Sabbath, at a short distance, in the Byfield meeting-house, where seats are provided for the scholars. In short, the Trustees are determined to spare no exertions to make this school as excellent, as they are sure its site is convenient; to make it what its funds require, and its munificent donor designed—among the very first in our land.

We hope that our venerable nurse will smile under her new decorations.

Trustees.—Hon. Ebenezer Mosley, *President;* Rev. Leonard Withington, *Vice-President;* Rev. John Andrews, *D. D. Treasurer;* Hon. Daniel Adams, Jeremiah Colman, Esq. Moses Dole, Esq. Rev. Henry Durant, Rev. Thomas B. Fox, Daniel Hale, Esq. Jonathan G. Johnson, M. D. Rev. John C. March, Hon. Jeremiah Nelson.

Principal.—Nehemiah Cleveland.

—

The Report of the school Committee of Scituate is worthy of notice on account of the many important and spirited remarks which it contains in relation to the subject of District Schools—but especially for the improvement in the Constitution of these schools which it earnestly commends to the consideration and adoption of the town. We wish it could be universally adopted. It will appear to best advantage if laid before our readers in the words of the Report itself.

Among the means for promoting the advancement of public education in this place, to which our attention has been most often and most earnestly attracted, is that of a gradation of schools, which on account of its paramount importance we shall make the chief topic in this Report.

In the District Schools as they are at present constituted, the youth of all periods from early infancy to incipient manhood are collected without discrimination under one roof and in charge of a single master. We have only one class of schools instead of a series of two, three or more, ascending from that which takes in but the mere alphabet of learning, to that which affords to minds of maturer growth access to the highest studies. Now, it is easy to see how nearly impossible it is for the wants and discipline of the child of four years to be properly provided for in the same instruction which is devoted to the culture of young men and women. Even when the whole number of pupils is not unreasonably large, there are still intrinsic difficulties in the attempt to unite what is so incongruous, difficulties which not seldom defeat the ends of instruction to both descriptions of learners. Go into your school houses and mark for yourselves in the restlessness or the stupor so commonly apparent in the younger children there, the consequences of the plan which subjects them in the tenderest period of life to all the constraints and the same regulations as are adapted to the oldest scholars; while they have no employment for their time and no interest for their imaginations but the telling over twice a day the letters of the alphabet or spelling a dozen words of one syllable.

It cannot be replied fairly to this that the teacher is at liberty to treat his pupils according to their respective ages. For if he would have the quiet and order which are absolutely indespensible to the studies of the upper classes, he must be rigorous in enforcing the necessary rules upon all his pupils alike. Were his indulgence to the smaller children to extend to the degree which is called for by their feebler natures, nothing could ensue but confusion and anarchy. He is compelled to conduct the school so as shall best meet the case of those for whom there is the most to be done, and who may justly demand that their time be not wasted through the disorder which others are occasioning. But alas! do what he may, he cannot so subvert the instinctive processes of nature as to maintain among infants the same deportment as they observe who are old enough to be reasoned with and may be made amenable to laws which they can understand and obey. Hence it comes to pass, (and it is a sore evil) that our teachers are harassed and perplexed by the perpetual interruptions and disturbances of their smaller scholars, their time is frittered away, and they cannot give that close, unbroken attention to the more serious business of the school which its proper progress requires. The older scholars are obliged often to wait while their instructor is called off by these many interruptions, besides the distraction produced by so much noise as they bring with them. And the younger are sometimes unnaturally cramped and exposed to inflictions of pain, which, however necessary, will seem to them wanton, and which may lay the foundation of a lasting hatred of all learning and all discipline. Were we to admit, however, that in a school of only moderate numbers, it is possible to manage so as that the instructor's time and attention shall be fairly distributed among his pupils of every age, and the due degree of teaching be applied, and the indispensible order enforced without neglect of or injustice to any, yet what are we to expect in a school of from fifty to eighty or an hundred? Can we doubt that it is as much as a man can do to oversee the culture of such a number of minds even if they were all at the same period of life and equally intelligent and apt to learn? But who will pretend that any system, except the most superficial, is applicable to such a multitude of scholars, of both sexes and all ages, from four to seventeen, as well as of the usual variety of capacity and qualification to profit by tuition? The utmost which is practicable in this case, and it is that of near'y all our schools, is to skim, hastily over the outside of a few branches of ordinary knowledge, amidst a hubbub which distracts the head or a despotism which makes the heart ache.

It is in vain to summon to our aid the best of teachers if we send them into such schools as by the very nature of things admit of no system of thorough, methodical instruction, where their efforts are liable to be frustrated at every turn, by growing out of the unalterable principle of the human mind,

Your Committee, under a deep sense of the importance of the measure to all the best interests of the town, do therefore propose to their fellow citizens the adoption of the following or some similar plan for the better arrangement of public schools:

Let there be erected at points to be hereafter designated, a number of buildings to be occupiied by that class of youth exclusively who have so far advanced in elementary studies and are of such an age as to prepare them for being instructed in the higher branches of learning. Let the present schoolhouses of the several districts be devoted wholly to the use of the younger and less improved children. For the new high schools let instructors be obtained who shall be well enough educated to guide the youth under their care in any scientific or literary pursuits to which their native genius or acquired inclination may lead them. To the charge of the primary schools let those be appointed who possess the right tact to manage the infant mind at the period when its powers are expanding, while they unite to this the rarer endowment of a spirit in unison with the spirit of childhood, and a heart to understand and provide for its peculiar feelings, habits and wants.

With these additional buildings we may have a proper gradation of schools. With this, we shall be prepared to enter upon improvements in the methods of teaching to which we are now strangers, while what has been before attempted for the education of our children will be more effectually because more thoroughly done. Instead of one uniform system applied without discrimination and forcibly to all sorts of disposition, talent, and character, we may then be able to suit the mode of instruction and the kind of discipline to the condition of the pupil, to his age, capacity, previous habits and ultimate views in life. In the primary school a beginning will be made in the cultivation of the faculties with a care which is now impossible, and in the school above that a new opportunity will be afforded to the same individuals for correcting their defects and supplying their deficiencies, together with more ample means of knowledge and self-improvement.

By the division of labor which will be obtained in a gradation of schools, the teachers whom we may employ will more than double their facilities for communicating information and establishing discipline, while their own ardor will be kindled by a fairer prospect of success in their work. Relieved of the burden of excessive numbers, and having the advantage of their pupils being all of one description, nearly alike in age and standing, they will have more power and more motives for increased efforts to carry the proficiency of their school to the highest attainable point. We shall thus have secured a larger amount and a better kind of teaching—and at the same time we may more reasonably anticipate the benefits of many improvements which those who have our youth in their hands will then have some chance to effect in themselves as well as in their methods of culture.

From so many schools of an elevated class will not fail to go forth an influence which must tend to refine the tastes and ennoble the habits of our little community. A demand for knowledge more extensive and more thorough will be diffused. The love of books will be fostered. Aspirations after a better condition of society will be awakened. A fresh impulse will be given to every thing which is calculated to raise the man above the animal and give precedence to the love of truth and virtue over sordid inrerests and corrupting pleasures. What we shall have done for the better education of our children will thus react upon our own happiness. The blessings of the school will be reflected upon our firesides and homes. The ripening excellence of youth will shed lustre upon the waning energies of age.

THE GAME OF LIFE. OR THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

Weeks, Jordan & Co. have just re-published for the Warren Street Chapel, the allegorical drawing under the above title, by the celebrated Moritz Retzsch, an original of which is in the possession of G. S. Hillard Esq. of this city. Its subject is, *Satan playing Chess with man for his Soul.*

The design is very ingenious, and the moral intensely interesting. It deserves to be deeply studied, and it will be so, for no eye that falls upon it can forbear to inspect it more and more narrowly, and to return to its contemplation yet again and again.

It thrills the soul to see thus exactly pictured in the intent and earnest expression of the man, all the breathless interest of its own hours of agony.

Moritz Retzsch will deserve everlasting thanks from many players of the deep Game of Life that by his beautiful hint he has gained them at least one move upon the Prince of Darkness.

The drawing is accompanied by an accurate and glowing explanation—according to hints from *Retzsch*—by *C. Borr. Von. Miltitz*; also by a flattering, notice from the London Foreign Quarterly, and still further by an eloquent extract from an unpublished Sermon from a pen that adorns all it touches.

We would not forget to mention that the copy was etched by W. B. Annin, to whom its execution does the greatest credit.

WAYLAND'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The distinguished President of Brown University has recently given to the public, in substance, the Lectures on Political Economy which he has been delivering for several years to the successive Senior Classes of that Seminary.

The authority of his name will go far towards giving the volume an extensive circulation. It is true, morever, that a work, by some experienced and judicious mind, on this important subject, in which the great principles of the science should be applied in particular manner to the circumstances of our own times, and the questions which are presently agitated among us, has been long looked for, and much needed.

Whether President Wayland has answered the popular expectation it is not our province nor our purpose to attempt to express an opinion.

That the Author's doctrines and deductions will not be universally received as satisfactory and conclusive, is but too manifest even from a slight perusal of his book.

Widely however, and warmly as any one may differ from some of the opinions of the book—no one will find fault with the spirit which the author has thus professed in his preface,

It has been to the author a source of regret, that the course of discussion in the following pages, has unavoidably led him over ground which has frequently been the arena of political controversy. In all such cases, he has endeavored to state what seemed to him to be the truth, without fear, favor, or affection. He is conscious to himself of no bias towards any party whatever, and he thinks that he who will read the whole work, will be convinced that he has been influenced by none. While he cherishes for his fellow citizens who are engaged in political warfare, every feeling of personal respect, he desires it to be believed that he entertains for party itself, whether political, ecclesiastical, or social, the opinion which 'befits him as an American, a Christian, and a gentleman.'

The book is handsomely printed, by *Knowles Vose & Co.*, and published by Leavitt, Lord & Company, New York.

WHAT IS UNITARIANISM?

This is the title of a sermon preached at Alton, Illinois, in the Protestant Methodist Church, on Sunday afternoon Dec. 7, 1837, by Rev. Charles A. Farley.

It is somewhat curious that the sermon was nearly 3 months in printing, at the cost of about one hundred dollars, though its appearance is, certainly, not remarkably neat or attractive.

We have just received a sermon in manuscript on the *measures of Revivalists* from the same gentleman, which at the urgent request of some leading Unitarians at Alton, Mr Farley has consented to print, but not publish.

In little more than one month from the time when the sermon was mailed at Alton, it will be received back again printed in the best Boston style, in an edition of five hundred copies, and at a cost of less than thirty dollars.

It should be borne in mind that there is very bitter opposition to the Unitarian doctrine in Alton, and that the printers of Mr F.'s other sermon were Presbyterians. We hope, however, that creeds do not thus cramp the Press in the West.

The sermon whose title stands at the head of these remarks is well suited to the meridian in which it was preached, and appears to have been quite popular there.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MR AUGUSTIN LELAND.

Died at Pineville, S. C. Oct. 10th, 1836, Mr Augustin Leland, son of Dea. Micah Leland, of Sherburne, Mass. aged 28.

Although several months have elapsed since the decease of this individual, as no notice has yet appeared it may not even now be improper to say a few words with respect to his moral, religious and literary character. From his early years obedient and affectionate, he became a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a kind husband. In more matnre life, his principal object of pursuit was to obtain wisdom and knowledge, and to impart these to others. For a number of years, he was a successful teacher in the public schools. In 1830, he connected himself with the Unitarian Church in Sherburne, and was a consistent Christian. He was industrious and resolute. In the performance of duty, his religion prompted him to encounter and enabled him to overcome the numerous obstacles, which were strowed along his path. Making persevering exertions to support the expense of a public education, he entered Brown University, and was graduated at that institution in 1834. He immediately engaged himself as principal of the Academy in Pawtucket, R. I. By his great efforts to obtain an education his health had been impaired; and, at the expiration of one year he left the Academy to go to the South. In the autumn of 1835 he sailed for Charleston, S C. with a view to the recovery of his health, while prosecuting his labors. There are some, who still remember the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the Southern hospitality and kindness. He remained in Charleston for a short time, supplying a vacancy there in a literary institution, and soon after, proceeding to Pineville, took the charge of an Academy in that pleasant village. His health gradually grew better; he was prospered in his labors, giving great satisfaction to his patrons, and daily gaining their esteem. But on the 8th of Oct. he was suddenly attached by the fever, incident to that climate, which then prevailed, and fell a victim to it after a short illness of eight days.

In a letter to his parents from a physician of the place in which he died, to whom, as well as to numerous other friends he was deeply indebted for many marks of attention and kindness, there is the following paragraph. To convey its full meaning, it is necessary to premise, that during his absence from home, he had been separated from his family, with the expectation, if he remained at the South, of their soon joining him. 'Death had no terrors for him, for he was a good man, whose every act seemed to have been prompted by religion. A short time before he died, he said to me with the greatest composure: 'I am sorry, sir, to part with my wife and child, but God's will be done!'"

Thus we see the goodness of God in giving us a religion, which will guide us through life and support us in the hour of death. He has left a beloved wife and child, together with a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his early death. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'

[From the Western Messenger.]

MRS. MARTHA RUGGLES WINDSHIP.

Died, in this city, after a short illness, Mrs Martha Ruggles Windship, wife of Dr Charles W. Windship, formerly of Roxbury, Mass., and for the three last years a teacher in Louisville, Ky.

The varied tenor of this lady's life, together with her remarkable accomplishments, her energy of character, her Christian faith and fortitude, and active usefulness in the path of duty she had chosen and loved, make it proper for us after having consigned her remains to the dust, to dwell for a brief space upon her character and example. Born of affluent and indulgent parents, and educated in tenderness, her early life seemed ill to prepare her for the struggles and self-denying labors which characterized her after years. But the Providence which called her to the difficult and responsible work of instruction, gave her also powers and capacities which enabled her to fulfil it with success and high usefulness. She had an energy and perseverance of disposition which rose in proportion as difficulties increased and obstacles presented themselves. She loved children, and put her whole heart into her labors toward them, taking the highest view of the duties of her profession, and desiring nothing else but the privilege of teaching so long as she should live. To this was added, in her late years, a deep religious faith and profound conviction of the value of Christian truth to the mind of the child, which gave her new strength and ability for accomplishing her mission. We say, in her later years, for during a large portion of her life, she had doubts on the subject of revelation. In a little article in our June No. 1836, (West. Mes. Vol. I., No. 10, 'Elvira, a sketch,') which we may now be permitted to say was written by our departed friend, she has described with interesting simplicity the progress and change of her opinions upon this subject. But she has *not* described the change of life which followed upon her change of opinions. She has not told how, from having lived without prayer, she came to live, as it were, *upon* prayer—literally fulfilling the prophetic saying, 'Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.' She did not describe the devoted interest with which she gave every leisure moment to the study of the scriptures, nor her active wishes for the welfare of the church of which she became a member, nor her deep sympathy with Christians of every name, nor the religious influence which she was enabled to exercise upon the thoughtless and indifferent, by which many were led to see a reason and a value in the love of God which before had been hidden from their eyes.

She was an example to many that piety can be joined with knowledge, reason with faith; the freest inquiry with the calmest conviction; warmth with light; enlarged, rational, and liberal views of God and duty with a realizing and solemn sense of eternal interests; and in fine, earnest zeal for truth with the widest charity towards those in error.

That we have said no more than truth of our departed friend, is witnessed by the shock which the community felt at the news of her death, the sympathy manifested at her funeral, the sobs and tears of the little children who crowded round her coffin and hung over her grave as if bereaved of a mother, the chasm felt in the Unitarian church where she worshipped, the school-room where she labored, the Sunday school, of which she was a constant teacher, and the circle of friends to whose happiness she ministered. She died full of faith in God and love for her Savior, trusting in that mercy which had richly blessed her with all inward spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. And those of us who remain, having fully known her manner of life, may treasure it as a lesson, and look forward, as to one of the great privileges of the future world, to meet her there with those who by patience and faith have inherited the promises.

J. F. C.

MRS. SARAH RUSSEL.

Died at Ellsworth, in the state of Maine, on the 11th of March, in the 82d year of her age, Mrs Sarah Russel, daughter of Leonard Jarvis, and relict of Joseph Russel, both late of Boston, Mass. To delineate the character of the deceased would be but to describe Woman as she should be; to delineate her character would be but to describe the Christian, who having professed Christianity with heartfelt humility, devotes every exertion to pattern after the Divine author of our religion. The number of her friends was limited only by the number of her acquaintance, for to know her was to love her. No harsh—no injurious reflection ever escaped her lips; for no unkind feeling ever found place in her heart. In every relation of life, acting well her part, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend, alike exemplary; with manners the most pleasing, for their foundation was on benevolence; with a fund of playful wit which never wounded, and always delighted; she spread a charm around the family circle. Loving all, she was beloved by all while living; and dying, she has left many to mourn her loss and cherish her memory. Though taken from us, she is yet with us, and may we not hope, that her spirit yet hovers over us, and that remembring her virtues, her goodness, her gentleness, her disinterestedness, from admiring, we may emulate them, and that she may thus continue, as she always has been, the kind promoter of the happiness of all who ever knew her.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The doings of the General Court, in either House, were not of much public interest on Wednesday.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the principal business was passing bills through the earlier stages for increasing the capital stock of sundry banks.

In the House, the subject of disputed lines of towns, and the Militia bill were considered, but nothing was decided.

The doings of the Senate, on Friday the 17th were not of much interest. The following bills passed to a third reading.

In addition to an act to establish the Charlestown Branch Rail Road Corporation—to increase the capitals of the Dedham Bank, the Hancock Bank, and the Rail Road Bank—in addition to an act to establish the Granite Bank—to establish the Fisherman's Bank.

Bills to establish the Cabot Bank, and the Holliston Bank, passed to be engrossed, and were sent down for concurrence.

In the House, on Friday, the bill concerning the deposite of the Surplus Revenue, passed to be enacted.

The bill to aid the construction of the Norwich and Worcester Rail Road, was passed to be engrossed.

In the Senate, on Saturday, March 18th the following bills passed to be enacted.

Bills passed to be enacted—Concerning the deposite of the Surplus Revenue; to establish the dividing line between the towns of Westfield and Southwick; and to aid the construction of the Norwich and Worcester Rail Road. The question on the last named bill was taken by yeas and nays, and determined as follows—Yeas 19, Nays 9.

In the House, on Saturday, sundry bills were reported.

The bill to aid the construction of the Norwich and Worcester Rail Road, passed to be enacted.

On motion of Mr Lee, of Templeton, the Report and Resolutions on the subject of Slavery were discharged from the orders of the day, and assigned for consideration on the 22d inst.

In the Senate, Monday 20, bills passed to be enacted, to incorporate the Fish Wear Company; concerning the assessment of Taxes; and to increase the capitals of the Tremont Mills, and the Suffolk Manufacturing Company.

In the House on Monday, the bill concerning the Commonwealth's subscription to the Western Rail Road, was taken up, and an amendment proposed by Mr Jellison having been adopted, the bill was ordered to a third reading tomorrow.

Several other bills were advanced but none finished.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, several orders of inquiry were passed—one in relation to the admeasurement of coal, and another in regard to the prevention of fraud in the admeasurement of grain.

The bill giving power to enlarge the capital of the Merchants Bank was passed to a third reading.

In the House the report and resolutions on the subject of slavery were adopted, by a vote of 378 to 10.

INTELLIGENCE.

We learn from the Atlas that the Independence, ship of the line now lying at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, is ordered to proceed forthwith to the Delaware, where she will take on board and convey to Russia, Mr Dallas, the new minister to that Empire. Commodore John B. Nicholson will be her commander, and Lieut. Slidell is to be 1st Lieutenant.—*Transcript.*

Geology of Maine.—We have received, from Dr C. T. Jackson, a copy of his Report on the *Geology of Maine*, just published at Augusta. It fills 130 pages octavo, and is accompanied by an atlas, of 24 plates, from drawings made by F. Graeter. This contribution to the scientific works of the day, by so intelligent and enthusiastic a geologist, will we trust, be properly appreciated by those who are desirous of exploring and developing the natural resources of the country.—*Courier.*

The English people are determined to have a steam communication with India across Persia, maugre the impediments that have hitherto prevented this much desired enterprise, but which are impotent against the irrepressible and idomitable spirit of English perseverance.

The Evening Transcript gives the following paragraphs condensed from the English papers

The London Atlas remarks, on the state of politics; 'The Whig and Radical parties in the House of Commons who may or may not act together, are in number from 330 to 350. The Tories, who will act together, amount from 300 to 319. The ministerial majority, therefore, on questions in which the liberal parties agree, will range from eleven to forty. In no cases can Ministers be outvoted, unless the Tories act with the Radicals, or the Radicals remain on any question neuter, neither of which cases is at all probable.'

Besides the Irish Poor Laws, Church Reform, and the Ballot, which will occupy the present Parliament, notices have been given in regard to the following matters; Irish Corporation Reform, (the announcement of which was hailed with cheers) Repeal of the Septennial Act, Abolition of Proxies in the House of Lords, Corn Laws, Qualification of Members of Parliament, Law of Primogeniture, Bishopsin the House of Lords, Patent Laws, Recovery of Debts, &c, &c.

The Evidence of the Water Mark.—A late London paper says: There is now in circulation a quantity of foolscap paper, bearing the water mark of '1837.' The sheets are intermixed with others of the year 1834, and have been in use for some time by persons connected with the Insolvent Debtor's Court. The stamp on paper has always been considered as *prima facie* proof, and in many cases heard before the learned commissioners of that Court, one or two persons have been branded with perjury on the mere evidence of the water mark.

The Crewless Ship.—It is mentioned in a Scotch paper that on the 18th of December, a ship came drifting before the wind into Buffin Bay. The coast guard immediately boarded her, and were astonished to find no living creature. She seemed to have been long abandoned; her sides were covered with a long fringe of sea-weed, as if she had for months floated idly on the waves. No unusual quantity of water was in her hold; consequently no leak had been sprung. It was thought she had capsized at sea, and after much fruitless toil to bring her to rights, her despairing crew had deserted her.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Monday morning, by Rev. Mr Robbins, Mr J. B. Gilson, of St Louis, Missouri, to Miss Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Capt. E. B. Saunders, of this city.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Paige, Mr Merrick Nelson to Miss Ellen Crosby.

Mr Francis Everett to Miss Mary N. Pratt; Mr Hiram D. Coombs to Miss Caroline E. Whitton.

In Charlestown, Mr John Barnard to Ann Nickerson.

In Hingham, Mr Nathaniel L. Dayton, of Boston, to Miss Lydia L. Lincoln, of H.

In Burlington, on Thursday afternoon, Col Phillip Russell, of Lexington, to Miss Sebra Woods, of B.

In Wayland, on Sunday morning, by Rev. Mr Austin, Mr Joseph B. Stimson to Miss Barbara Spurr, both of this city.

In Stoughton, Nathaniel Vose, Jr., Esq. to Miss Cynthia Smith Belcher, both of S.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday evening, William Parsons, Esq., 81.

In this city, Mr Henry Fowle, 70.

In this city, of consumption, Mrs Martha Ann Turner, relict of the late Capt. Joshua Barnes, formerly of Hingham, 34.

In this city, George Homer, Esq., for many years Cashier of the State Bank, 71; Leach Harris, 65; Miss Ann, daughter of Joseph Dykes, 23.

In Cambridge, 17th inst., Charles Edward, son of Andrew Allen, 7 months.

In Bridgewater, 4th inst. Mrs Lucy, wife of Mr Alpheus Fobes, and daughter of the late Rev. Isaac Backus, 73.

In Sherburne, Jan 6, 1337, widow Anne Leland, 92. She had been, for a great number of years, a worthy member of the Unitarian Church in that town.

In Philadelphia, Hon. Frances J. Harper, member of Congress for the third District, Philadelphia county. 17th inst., Miss Lucy Bradford, daughter of the late Col. Samuel Bradford, of Boston.

JAMES MUNROE & CO have for sale New Views of Christianity, Society and the Church. By O. A. Brownson.

'Mr Brownson's book will suffer, so far as its circulation is concerned from the real novelty of some of the speculations contained therein, and still more, as we suspect, from the title-page, and from the novel application throughout the body of the work of a few terms, such as *spiritualism*, *materialism* and *atonement*, which have the effect to give to the whole discussion a strange and foreign air. In this we think the author has erred, in common with other able writers among us,—not in the originality and freedom of his speculations, for that could not be helped, but in a willingness to seem very original and free though at the hazard of losing the sympathies of the public. * * * We are aware however, that his own account of the matter as given in the preface is so discriminating and unpretending, that it must do not a little to disarm the prejudice of which we have spoken. * * * One thing, however, we will say, in justice to the author. Those ever who are most convinced of the unsoundness or fancifulness of his general doctrines, will be as ready as any to acknowledge the ability, eloquence and earnest feeling expended in its exposition and defence.—*Christian Examiner for March.*

'We were prepared for something good from Mr Brownson, but this work has far exceeded our expectations. While in eloquence of style, it equals the writings of the Abbe de la Menais and Victor Cousin, it surpasses the first in philosophic depth and the last in condensation.—*Western Messenger, for March.*

'It is quite refreshing to see a subject of such general interest as religion taken up in a philosophical manner,—as we take up Art or Science.

The work before us is written for scholars. It is therefore in Scientific language. But it has no obscurity or vagueness of expression. * * The author seems to be fairly aside if not above sectarian ground. He writes like a layman, not like a theologian: and his work is adapted to laymen as well as theologians. And with laymen it will have weight. It really seems to be time for men to understand that religion even as a science, is not the monopoly of a single class; but that it belongs to all, and especially to the philosophic thinker and the man of common sense. This work addresses all sects on the same ground not setting up one against or over another. We advise all scientific Christians at least, and all infidels to read it.—*American Monthly Magazine.*

ELINOR FULTON—3 EXPERIMENTS.

THIS day published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street,

ELINOR FULTON, a Sequel to the Three Experiments of Living.

THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING, of which more than 22,000 have already been sold.

m 25 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. will supply Sabbath School Libraries, on the most favorable terms. They have several new works in press, intended for Schools or Families. m 25

BOSTON PUBLICATION OEFICE OF KNICKERBOCKER Magazine

Waldie's Select Library of best New Books weekly at $5.

Lady's Book and American Lady's Magazine

Religious Magazine and Family Miscellany at $2

Le Litterateur Francais—weekly Newspapaer for learners and proficients in French at only $2.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. m 25

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received by JAMES MUNROE & CO.

The Tuggs at Ramsgate, by Bozz

The History of Banks

Drake's Poems

Marriage and Inheritance 1 vol. 8vo.

Ion—Dearborn's 2d edition

The Wrecker's Daughter

The Young Lady's Gift

The Book of St. Nicholas, by Paulding

For sale at 134 Washington St. m 25

THE BOOK OF SAINT NICHOLAS, translated from the Dutch; Homer, translated by Alexander Pope; in 3 vols, received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. m 25

SPARKS' AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY VOL. 7.

CONTENTS.

Life of Sir William Phips, by Francis Bowen.

Life of Israel Putnam, by Oliver W. B. Peabody.

Memoir of Lucretia Maria Davidson, by the author of 'Redwood,' 'Hope Leslie,' &c.

Life of David Rittenhouse, by James Remmick.

This day published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington opposite School streets. m 25

ELINOR FULTON or Sequel to Three Experiments, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co. opposite School Street. m 25

THE CHESS PLAYER, from the original, by Retzch; published for the Warren Street Chapel. For sale at 134 Washington street. m 25

BUCKLAND'S GEOLOGY.—Geology and Mineralogy, considered with reference to Natural Theology; by the Rev. William Buckland, D D., Canon of Christ's Church, and Reader in Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford; in 2 vols; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. m 25

APPLETON'S WORKS. The works of Jesse Appleton, D. D., late President of Bowdoin College, embracing his course of Theological Lectures, his Academic Addresses, and a selection from his Sermons, with a Memoir of his Life and Character, 2 vols. 8vo, just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., opposite School street. m 4

WISEMAN'S LECTURES. Twelve Lectures on the connection between Science and Revealed Religion, delivered in Rome, by Nicholas Wiseman, D. D., Principal of the English College, and Professor in the University of Rome. First American from the first London edition. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., opposite School st. m 4

SARTOR RESARTUS SECOND EDITION.

THIS day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Sartor Resartus by Thomas Carlyle.

NEW LATIN SCHOOL BOOKS, just published by CROCKER & BREWSTER, 47 Washington street, Boston.

ANDREWS' AND STODDARD'S LATIN GRAMMAR, second edition, for the use of Schools and colleges; by Prof. E. A. Andrews of Boston, and Professor S. Stoddard of Buffalo College, N. Y.; 1 v 12mo. Also, in 1 vol. 18mo, Questions to do. by Prof. E. A. Andrews.

This Grammar, though it is but a few months since its first publication, has already been introduced into many of the principal classical schools in this country. It has also been adopted at Yale, Amherst, Hamilton, Waterville, Bowdoin, Buffalo, and several other Colleges. The first edition of 2000 copies was disposed of in six months.

The following gentlemen, who have examined this work, have given favorable opinions respecting its merits, viz: Dr C. Beck, Professor of Latin in Harvard University; Profs. Kingsley, Woolsey, Olmstead and Gibbs, of Yale College, New Haven; Mr C. K. Dillaway and Mr F. Gardner, Masters in the Latin School, Boston; Rev. J. Penney, D. D. President of Hamilton College, New York; Prof. Wm. M. Holland, Washington College, Hartford, Ct.; Prof. A. Packard, Bowdoin College, Me; Prof. S. North, Hamilton College, New York; Hon. John Hall, Principal of the Ellington School, Ct; Prof. N. W. Fiske, Amherst College, Ms; Rev. Simeon Hart, Farmington, Ct; Mr Wm H. Shailer, Principal of the Connecticut Literary Institution, at Suffield; Rev. Lyman Colman, Principal of Burr Seminary, Manchester, Vt; also by the American Quarterly Register, New York Observer, Biblical Repository, Boston Recorder, and Portland Christian Mirror.

ANDREWS' LATIN READER. The first part of Jacobs and Doring's Latin Reader, adapted to Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, by Prof. E. A. Andrews.

ANDREWS' LATIN LESSONS First Lessons in Latin, or an Introduction to Andrews' and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, by Prof. E. A. Andrews.

ANDREWS' LATIN EXERCISES. Preparing for publication, Exercises on Syntax adapted to Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, by Prof. E. A. Andrews. 3 t

SPARK'S BIOGRAPHY, Vol. 7.—Containing the Life of Sir William Phipps, by Francis Bowen—The Life of General Putnam, by O. W. B. Peabody, Esq.—The life of Lucretia Maria Davidson, by Miss Sedgwick—The Life of David Rittenhouse, by James Renwick—this day published and for sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. m 25

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers have this day formed a copartnership under the firm of WHIPPLE & DAMRELL for the transaction of the Printing and Bookselling business and have taken the store lately occupied by Mr William Pierce No 9 Cornhill where a general assortment of Books and Stationary may be found.

The former customers of Mr Peirce and the public generally are respectfully invited to call.

JAMES K. WHIPPLE.

m 18 WILLIAM S. DAMRELL.

UNITARIAN MISCELLANY.

TWO sets of the Unitarian Miscellany, six vols. in boards, are for sale at this office, for 50 cents a volume. m 18

RAMMOHUN ROY'S WORKS.

A FEW copies remain on hand at this office, of the Theological writings of this distinguished man. m 18

FLINT'S GEOGRAPHY.

FOR sale at this office, the History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley. To which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic United States, and the whole American Continent. Third edition. By Timothy Flint, Author of 'Recollections of the last ten years in the Mississippi Valley.' m 18

MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE Mission of the Savior, being an account of the miracles and Teachings of the Savior, arranged in the order of their occurrence in Scripture Language,—for Sabbath Schools and Family Reading, this work, by Rev. Thomas B. Fox, of especial use to the Sunday School Teacher, will be published in a few weeks, by WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. Literary Rooms, 121 Washington St. m 18

JACKSON'S MEMOIR.

MEMOIRS of James Jackson Jr. by his Father, with Reminiscences, by a Fellow Student. For sale at the Literary Rooms, WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. m 18

GREENWOOD'S COLLECTION.

GREENWOOD'S Collection of Psalms and Hymns in every style of binding, fancy and plain, for sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington St WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. m 18

THE GAME OF LIFE.

THIS day published, 'The Game of Life, or the Chess Players, a drawing by Retzsch, explained according to Hints from himself, by C. Borr von Wiltitz.—Republished for the Warren Street Chapel, by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. Literary Rooms, 121 Wasington St. m 18.

WESTERN MESSENGER FOR MARCH, 1837.

CONTENTS.

THE History of our Lord's passion, from the German of Olshausen, by S. Osgood.

The Ohio River: J. F. C

Letters from Country Cousins.—J. H. Perkins,

To a child, upon parting with her—J. H. P.

On Being and Immortality—H.

Brownson's New Views—Editor,

Death of Margarette—E. P.

Religious Education of children—Editor,

Letter from Buffalo,—G. W. H.

Peter Parley.

Pinney's Mobile Institute,

Geology of the Mississippi—W. B. Powell,

Theodore—Translated from the German of De Wette—by the Editor,

Lines written on board a Steamboat—C. P. Cranch

Obituary,—Mrs M. Windship—Editor,

Literary Notices—Editor,

Monthly Record,—February.

Subscriptions received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. m 18

MR ALCOTT'S SCHOOL.

No. 7, Masonic Temple.

THE Exercises of this School are adapted to the minds of Children, of both sexes, between the ages of five and fifteen years; and comprise lessons on the following subjects;

Spelling	Drawing	Geography
Reading	Arithmetic	Manners
Writing	Eng. Grammar	Duty,

with instruction in the Latin and French Languages.

*** Conversations on Human Culture are held on Friday Evening of each week at half past 7 o'clock. Teachers of Classes in Sunday Schools, Parents, and others interested in Education, are respectfully invited to attend, and take part in the Conversation. March 11

FREE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

MR E. M. P. Wells proposes to open a school for Boys, on the 1st of March, distinct from his present one, but under his direction. The object is to meet the wants of a class of boys whom he has often been obliged to refuse admittance, on account either of their being too young, or not able to meet the expense, or, the free and half pay situations in his present school having been full.

The moral and disciplinary system will be the same as in his present school, and the studies such as their capacities may require.

The expense, to those who can afford to pay any thing, including board, clothing, books &c, will be $1. 00 per week—six months in advance—

Application can be made to Bishop Griswold, Rev. Dr Wainwright and Josiah Quincy Jr Esq, visitors of his school, or to Mr Wells at the school. f 25.

BOSTON PRESS,

Corner of School and Washington Streets, over Wm. D. Ticknor's Bookstore.

The subscriber has resumed the business of Printing, at his former stand. The office is furnished with a general assortment of new *Book and Fancy Job type*, for the printing of Books,

Sermons,	Business Cards,	Checks,
Circulars,	Visiting Cards,	Blanks,
Notices,	Show Bills,	Shop Bills, and
Catalogues,	Hand Bills,	Gold and Colors,

in a superior style, and on low and accommodating terms. ISAAC R. BUTTS.

f 25 6 m

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INDUSTRY.

Work!—and thou wilt bless the day,
Ere thy toil be done—
They that work not, cannot pray—
Cannot feel the Sun.
God is living, working still;
All things work and move:—
Work, would'st thou their beauty *feel*,
And thy Maker's love!

All the rolling planets glow
Bright as burning gold!
Should they pause—how soon they'd grow
Colorless and cold!
Joy and Beauty—where were they,
Should the world stand still?
Like the world, *thy* law obey,
And thy calling fill.

Thou mayst own the world, with health
And unslumbering powers;
Industry alone is wealth,
What we *do* is ours.
Load the passive hours with thought,
While they stay with thee;
Then despatch them, richly fraught,
To Eternity. J. S. D.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Cambridge, Feb. 28th.

Dear Sir,—I copy from *memory* the enclosed verses, for insertion in the Register if you think them worthy. Whence I obtained them I cannot now distinctly remember, though I *think* it was from one of the early volumes of the Christian Examiner. I have not however been able to find them there lately. They are verses which I committed to memory *and to heart* some ten years ago—and I shall be most heartily glad if they can have as delightful effect upon other minds as they have had upon my own. Leaving it to you however to decide whether they are worth re-printing,

I remain, very truly, yours.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

Ch happy Creature!—on whose brow
The light of youth is shed;
O'er whose glad path, life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread;
Forget not Him, whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright;
But, grateful to his altar bring
The garlands of life's early spring.

Thou tempted one!—just entering
Upon enchanted ground—
Ten thousand snares are set for thee
Ten thousand foes surround.
A dark and a deceitful cloud,
Upon thy path they lower;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power:
Cling, cling to Him, whose mighty arm
Alone can shield thy soul from harm.

Thou, whose yet bright and joyous eye
Must soon be dimmed with tears;
To whom the hour of bitterness
Must come in coming years—
Teach early that confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To where, beyond the storms of life,
Eternally serene,
A father's love is beaming bright—
A father's smile diffuses light.

Oh born to die!—the path of flowers
Thou dost exulting tread,
Leads to the dreary sepulchre—
The silence of the dead.
But if, from youth, thy spirit's love
Hath to thy God been given,
Death's icy hand shall ope for thee
The radiant gates of heaven.
There, blest Immortal! joys divine,
Transcendant, endless, shall be thine!

DRINK AND AWAY.

By Rev. William Croswell.

There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying 'Drink and Away,' from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.—*Dr Shaw.*

Up! pilgrim and rover,
Redouble thy haste!
Nor rest thee till over
Life's wearisome waste,
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger—
Oh! drink and away!

Here lurks the dark savage
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay.
He waits tor the slaughter,
The blood of his prey
Shall stain the still water—
Then drink and away!

With toil though thou languish,
The mandate obey,
Spur on, though in anguish,
There's death in delay!
No blood-hound want-wasted,
Is fiercer than they;
Pass by it untasted—
Or drink and away!

Though sore be the trial,
Thy God is thy stay,
Though deep the denial,
Yield not in dismay,
But, wrapt in high vision,
Look on to the day
When the fountains Elysian
Thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou for ever
Enjoy thy repose
Where life's gentle river
Eternally flows,
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
For ever and aye,
With none to molest thee—
Then, drink and away!

THE BAPTISM.

She stood up in the meekness of a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair young child
Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul were gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in Heaven.
The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glowed fervently with faith
That it would be even as he had pray'd
And the sweet child be gathered to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on,
Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of her beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That to the eye of God that mother's tears
Would be a deeper covenant, which sin
And the temptations of the world and death
Would leave unbroken, and that she would know,
In the clear light of Heaven, how very strong
The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been,
In leading its young spirit up to God.

Monmouth Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FARMER AND THE SOLDIER.

Boys are very apt to form ridiculous notions regarding the splendor and delight of a soldier's life, which, instead of being one of happiness, as they imagine, is perhaps the most miserable in the world. While the youth of genius and industry is rising in the pursuit of his peaceful and honorable occupations, how often is his thoughtless early companion, who has embraced the career of a soldier's life, spending his best years in the listnessness of an unidea'd range of duty, becoming old in doing nothing, and only preparing for himself, most likely, a painful conclusion to a valueless existence. Boys who are not aware of the sufferings which often accompany the soldier's career, may possibly profit by the perusal of the following little story written by Mrs Sigourney, an American authoress:—

It was a cold evening in winter. A lamp cast its cheerful ray from the window of a small farm-house, in one of the villages of New England. A fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and two brothers sat near it. Several school books lay by them on the table, from which they had been studying their lessons for the next day. Their parents, had retired to rest and the boys were conversing earnestly. The youngest, who was about thirteen, said, 'John, I mean to be a soldier.' 'Why so, James?'—'I have been reading the life of Alexander of Macedon, and also a good deal of Napoleon Bonaparte. I think they were the greatest men that ever lived. There is nothing in this world like the glory of the warrior.'

'It does not seem to me glorious, to do so much harm. To destroy multitudes of innocent men, and to make such mourning in families, and so much poverty and misery in the world, is more cruel than glorious.'

'Oh, but then, John, to be so honored, and to have so many soldiers under your command, and the fame of such mighty victories—what glory is there to be compared with this?'

'James, our good minister told us in his sermon last Sunday, that the *end of life was a test of its goodness*. Now Alexander that you call the Great, got intoxicated, and died like a madman; and Napoleon was imprisoned on a desolate island, like a chained wild beast, for all the world to gaze and wonder at. It was as necessary that he should be confined, as that a ferocious monster should be put in a cage.'

'John your ideas are very limited. You are not capable of admiring heroes. You are just fit to be a farmer. I dare say that to break a pair of steers is your highest ambition, and to spend your days in ploughing and reaping would be glory enough for you.'

The voice of their father was now heard, calling, 'Boys, go to bed.' So ended their conversations for that night.

Fifteen years passed away, and the same season again returned. From the window a bright lamp gleamed, and on the hearth was a cheerful fire. The building seemed unaltered, but among its inmates there were changes. The parents who had then retired to rest, had now laid down in the deeper sleep of the grave. They were pious; among the little circle of their native village, their memory was held in sweet remembrance.

In the same chairs that they used to occupy were seated their eldest son and his wife. A baby lay in the cradle, and two other little ones breathed sweetly from their trundle-bed, in the quiet sleep of childhood.

A blast with snow came against the casement. 'I always think,' said John, 'a great deal about my poor brother at this season of the year, and especially in stormy nights. But it is now so many years since we have heard from him, and his way of life exposed him to so much danger, that I fear we have strong reason to believe him dead.'

'What a pity,' replied the wife, 'that he would be a soldier!'

A faint knocking was heard at the door. It was opened and a man entered wearily, and leaning upon crutches. His clothes were thin and tattered, and his countenance haggard. They reached him a chair, and he sank into it. He gazed earnestly on each of their faces; then on the sleeping children, and then on every article of furniture, as on some recollected friend. Stretching out his withered arms, he said, in a tone scarcely audible, 'Brother, brother!' The sound of that voice opened the tender remembrance of many years. They hastened to welcome the wanderer, and to mingle their tears with his.

'Brother, sister, I have come home to you to die!'

He was too much exhausted to converse, and they exerted themselves to prepare him fitting nourishment, and to make him comfortable for the night. The next morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his bed and soothed his worn heart with kindness, and told him the simple narrative of all that had befallen them in their quiet abode.

'Among all my troubles,' said he, 'and I have had many, none has so bowed me down as my sin in leaving home, without the knowledge of my parents, to become a soldier, when I knew it was against their will. I have felt the pain of wounds, but there is nothing like the sting of conscience. When I have lain perishing with hunger, and parching with thirst, a prisoner in the enemies hands, the image of my home, and my ingratitude would be with me when I lay down, and when I rose up. I would think I saw my mother bending tenderly over me, as she used to do when I had only the headache; and my father with the Bible in his hand, out of which he read to us in the evening, before his prayer; and when I have stretched out my hands to say, 'Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son,' I would awake, and it was but a dream. But there would be the memory of my disobedience, and how bitterly have I wept that the child of so many peaceful precepts had become a man of blood!'

His brother hastened to assure him of the perfect forgiveness of his parents, and that daily and nightly he was mentioned as their loved, absent and erring one.

As his strength permitted, he told them the story of his wanderings and his sufferings. He had been in the battles by sea and by land. He had heard the deep ocean echo with the thunderings of war, and seen the earth drink in the strange, red shower from mangled and palpitating bosoms. He had stood in the martial lists of Europe, and jeoparded his life for a foreign power; and he had pursued in his own land the hunted Indian, flying at midnight from his flaming hut. He had gone with the bravest, where dangers thickened, and had sought in every place for the glory of war, but had found only misery.

'That glory which dazzled me in my days of boyhood, and which I always supposed was the reward of the brave, continually eluded me. It is reserved for the successful leaders of armies. They alone are the heroes, while the poor soldiers by whose toils the victories are won, endure the hardships, that others may reap the fame. Yet how light is all the boasted glory which was ever obtained by the great commander compared with the good that he forfeits; and the sorrow that he inflicts in order to obtain it!

'Sometimes when we were ready for a battle, just before we rushed into it, I have felt a fearful shuddering, an inexpressible horror at the thought of butchering my fellow-creatures. But in the heat of combat such feelings vanished, and the madness and desperation of a demon possessed me. I cared neither for heaven nor hell.

'You who dwell in the midst of the influences of mercy, and shrink to give pain even to an animal; can hardly imagine what hardness of heart comes with the life of a soldier. Deeds of cruelty are always before him, and he heeds neither the sufferings of the starving infant, nor the groans of its dying mother.

'Of my own varieties of pain, I will not speak. Yet when I have lain on the field of battle, and unable to move from among the feet of trampling horses, when my wounds stiffened in the chilly night-air, and no man cared for my soul, I have thought it no more than just, since my own hand had dealt the same violence to others, perhaps inflicted even keener anguish than was appointed to me.

'But the greatest evil of a soldier's life is not the hardships to which he is exposed or the wounds he may sustain, but the sin with which he is surrounded and made familiar. Oaths, imprecations, and contempt of every thing sacred, are the elements of his trade. In this hardened career, though I exerted myself to appear bold and courageous, my heart constantly misgave me. God grant that it may be purified by repentance, before I am summoned to the dread bar of judgment.'

His friends flattered themselves, that by medical skill and nursing, he might eventually be restored to health. But he said, 'it can never be. My vital energies are wasted.'

'Brother,' he would say, 'you have lived a man of peace. In the quiet occupations of husbandry you have served God and loved your neighbor. You have been merciful to the animal creation. You have taken the fleece and saved the sheep alive. But I have wantonly defaced the image of God, and stopped that breath which I can never restore. You have taken the honey, and preserved the laboring bee. But I have destroyed man and his habitation, burned the hive, and spilled the honey on the ground. You cannot imagine how bitter is now my sorrow for the performance of such abominations.'

He declined rapidly. Death came on with hasty strides. Laying his cold hand on the head of the eldest little boy, who had been much around his bed in his sickness, he said, 'Dear John never be a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been as angels of mercy to me. The blessing of the God of peace abide with you, and upon your house.'

So saying, he expired. Such was the concluding scene in the life of a being, who had fondly anticipated in the soldier's career nothing but unfading glory.

Hast thou in any way a contention with thy brother, I advise the, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: 'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of happiness in the world, something from *my* share; which, by the heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee rather.'—Alas! and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter; truly a 'feast of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out; not enough to quench one appetite: and the collective human species clutching at them!—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: 'Take it, thou too-ravenous individual: take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing; would to heaven I had enough for thee!'—*Sartor Resartus.*

GOOD ADVICE TO A FARMER.—'Many years ago,' said a quaker friend who told us the following anecdote, 'many years ago, a brother of the celebrated Benjamin West, who had been a cooper in this city, a man of sterling sense and integrity, purchased a farm some miles out of the city which had been suffered to be overrun with briars and bushes. He was for a short time considered by his neighbor farmers as very far from being as wise as Solomon, or even as themselves, but in a few years, his was the best and most productive farm within fifty miles around him; his fame as a farmer, spread far and wide. One day a man came to him who was desirous of improving his farm, and asked him how he should do it. Go home, said Mr West, and make five or ten acres as rich as thee wants, and come to me and I will tell thee what to do next. But, said the farmer, I have not manure enough to do that. Very well, then, go and prepare thee three acres, two acres, or one acre in the same way, but what thee undertakes, do well. The farmer, said our friend, perfectly comprehended the advice, and what is unusual, practised upon and benefitted by it, leaving at his death one of the best farms in the country.' Go and do likewise.—*Phila. Herald.*

APPLE TREES.—A horticulturist in Bohemia has a beautiful plantation of the best sort of apple trees, which have neither sprung from seeds nor grafting. His plan is to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground. leaving but an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best of fruit, without requiring to be grafted.

SYMPATHIES OF ANIMALS.

——'Tis often seen
'Adoption strives with nature'
Shakspeare.

Animals which are unable to associate with their own species will sometimes form most strange attachments. I had last year a solitary pigeon, who, being unable to procure a mate, attached itself to an old barn-door fowl, whose side it seldom left at night, roosting by him in the hen-house. The cock seemed sensible of the attachment of the pigeon, and never molested it, or drove it from him. I had also a tame hedge-hog, which nestled before the fire on the stomach of an old lazy terrier dog, who was much attached to it, and the best understanding existed between them. I have also seen a horse and a pig associate together, for want of any other companions; and Mr White, in his Natural History of Selborne, mentions a curious fact of a horse and a solitary hen spending much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion.

At Aston Hall, in Warwickshire, I remember to have seen a cat and a large fierce bloodhound, who were always together, the cat following the dog about the yard, and never seeming tired of his society. They fed together, and slept in the same kennel.

A gentleman residing in Northumberland assured me that he had a tame fox, who was so much attached to his harriers, and they to him, that they lived together, and that the fox always went out hunting with the pack. This fox was never tied up, and was as tame, playful, and harmless as any dog could be. He hunted with the pack for four years, and was at last killed by an accident.

But a most singular instance of attachment between two animals, whose natures and habits were most opposite, was related to me by a person on whose veracity I can place the greatest reliance. Before he took up his abode at Hampton Court, he had resided for nine years in the American States, where he superintended the execution of some extensive works for the American Government. One of these works consisted in the erection of a beacon in a swamp in one of the rivers, where he caught a young alligator. This animal he made so perfectly tame, that it followed him about the house like a dog, scrambling up the stairs after him, and showing much affection and docility. Its great favorite, however, was a cat, and the friendship was mutual. When the cat was reposing herself before the fire (this was at New York) the alligator would lay himself down, place his head upon the cat, and in this attitude go to sleep. If the cat was absent, the alligator was restless; but he always appeared happy when the cat was near him. The only instance in which he showed any ferocity was in attacking a fox, which was tied up in the yard. Probably, however, the fox resented some playful advances which the other had made, and thus called forth the anger of the alligator. In attacking the fox, he did not make use of his mouth, but beat him with so much severity with his tail, that had not the chain which confined the fox broken, he would probably have killed him. The alligator was fed on raw flesh, and sometimes with milk, for which he showed a great fondness. In cold weather he was shut up in a box, with wool in it; but having been forgotten one frosty night, he was found dead in the morning. This is not, I believe, a solitary instance of amphibia becoming tame, and showing a fondness for those who have been kind to them. Blumenbach mentions that crocodiles have been tamed; and two instances have occurred under my own observations of toads knowing their benefactors, and coming to meet them with considerable alacrity.

Colonel Montague, in the Supplement to his Ornithological Dictionary, relates the following singular instance of an attachment which took place between a China goose and a pointer who had killed the male. The dog was most severely punished for the misdemeanor, and had the dead bird tied to his neck. The solitary goose became extremely distressed for the loss of her partner and only companion; and probably having been attracted to the dog's kennel by the sight of her dead mate, she seemed determined to persecute the dog by her constant attendance and continual vociferations; but after a little time a strict friendship took place between these incongruous animals. They fed out of the same trough, lived under the same roof, and in the same straw bed kept each other warm; and when the dog was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were incessant.

Some animals of the same species form also strong attachments for each other. This was shown in the case of two Hanoverian horses, who had long served together during the peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed. A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance assured me that nothing could be more affecting than the whole demeanor of this poor horse.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

THE FUTURE.—It is perhaps, for others, rather than ourselves, that the fond heart requires an hereafter. The tranquil rest—the shadow and the silence—the mere pause of the wheel of life, have no terror for the wise, who know the due value of the world—

'After the billows of a stormy sea,
Sweet is at last the haven of repose.'

But not so, when the stillness is to divide us from others; when those we have loved with all the passion—the devotion—the watchful sanctity of the weak human heart, are to exist to us no more; when after long years of desertion and widowhood on earth, there is no hope of re-union in that invisible world beyond the stars—then the torch not of life only, but of love, is to be quenched in the fountain; and the grave, that we would fain hope is the great restorer of broken ties, is but the dumb seal of hopeless, utter, inexorable separation: and it is this thought—this sentiment, which makes religion out of love, and teacheth belief to the mourning heart, that in the gladness of united affections, it felt not the necessity of a heaven. To how many is the death of the beloved, the parent of faith.—*Bulwer.*

LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT IN ENGLAND.

The *Birmingham Advertiser* charged Dr. Butler, the new Bishop of Litchfield, with making a *Socinian* bookseller the 'medium of communication between a Trinitarian Bishop and his clergy;' but Dr. Drake, the bookseller in question, relieves Dr. Butler from such a terrible stigma. In a letter published in the *Birmingham Gazette*, he says—

'I feel it to be due to his Lordship to state, that I have not had the honor of any communication from him with reference to delivery of copies of his Charge to the Clergy in this dis. trict. Messrs. Longman and Co. booksellers, London, have occasionally sent me copies of similar charges for gratuitous distribution. The last I circulated was a Charge of the late Bishop Ryder. I do not believe that Bishop Butler selected me as the medium of circulating his Charge; such matters, as is well known, being left to the publishers. Messrs. Longman and Co. probably sent it to me because I am one of their most considerable customers in this town; and it is not their practice to demand of their customers any confession of faith.'—*London Spectator.*

The more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if any one cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care so to live as that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is, generally, just let him alone. There is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

INDIAN INK.—The Chinese, or, as it is miscalled, Indian ink has been erroneously supposed to consist of the secretion of a species of *sepia*, or cuttle-fish. It is, however, all manufactured from lamp-black and gluten, with the addition of a little musk to give it a more agreeable odour. Pere Contancin gave the following as a process for making the ink:—A number of lighted wicks are put into a vessel full of oil. Over this is hung a dome or funnel-shaped cover of iron, at such a distance as to receive the smoke. Being well coated with lamp-black, this is brushed off and collected upon paper. It is then well mixed in a mortar with a solution of gum or gluten, and when reduced to the consistence of paste, it is put into little moulds, where it receives those shapes and impressions with which it comes to this country. It is occasionally manufactured in a great variety of forms and sizes, and stamped with ornamental devices, either plain or in gold and various colors.—*The Chinese, by J. F. Davis.*

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—The ordinary meeting was held on Saturday, —— Clarke, Esq., in the chair; the rooms being very thinly attended on account of the prevalence of the epidemic. The conclusion of the paper by Lieut. Dickinson was read, on the fate of the ten tribes of Israel after the fall of Samaria, in which the author gave the various opinions that had been entertained by different writers on the subject. That of Sir William Jones gave Affghan as their location. Some Jews imagine that they expatriated themselves to the north east boundary of the confines of Tartary and China; others imagine that they were the progenitors of the North American Indians; and the latest was that of Mr. Woolfe, who imagined that they were distributed in China and Thibet. The most probable conclusion, however, was this—being suffered by the Persian Princes to settle in their dominions, they gradually amalgamated with the inhabitants by assuming their habits and religion, and thus all traces of their existence as a separate people were lost.

THE ODEON. The Odeon; a collection of secular melodies, arranged and harmonized for four voices, designed for adult singing schools, and for social music parties—by G. J. Webb and Lowell Mason, professors in the Boston Academy of Music.

The publishers present this work to the notice and patronage of the public, in the belief that its design and execution will meet with general approbation. As the title page sets forth, it is designed for singing schools. It contains the rudiments, arranged on the Pestalozzian plan, and an appendix, containing inructions for developing and training the voice. The able of contents embraces, besides new pieces, many of the finest, and most popular airs, harmonized for four voices.

It is believed that two advantages would result from a general use of this, or a similar work. In the first place, it is believed that the psalm tune is not well adapted to develop the voice. It is constructed for a different purpose, and does not, in its nature, admit of that animated and sprightly execution, which is essential to a full development of vocal powers. In the second place, it is believed that there is, in the minds of many teachers, an objection to the use of psalm tunes, for the purposes of instruction, derived from, or incidental to, its more sacred character. Being intended for worship, the most holy names, and doctrines, and facts of religion, are, of course, continually introduced; and in teaching, the master often finds it necessary to repeat again and again the most sacred passages, for the mere purpose of scientific instruction, without being able to derive or impart any of the religious feeling or sentiments, which should always accompany the performance In this manner, the religious sensibility of both teacher and pupil is believed to be often wounded, and the effect must be to render it less and less delicate.

If secular music, properly adapted to the purposes of instruction, should be used in the first development and training of the voice, and psalmody should afterwards be learned as a distinct species of music, it is believed that the musical powers of the pupil would be more fully brought out, and a correct execution of psalmody be better attained in the end.

Great pains have been taken to exclude every thing that can be objectionable, in the language or sentiments.

This day published by the American Stationer's Company, No. 19 School Street. Price $1 single, $10 per dozen. j 28

THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President of the United States, with parts of his correspondence never before published, and notices of his opinions on questions of civil governmen national policy, and constitutional law; by George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia; in 2 vols, octavo; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. m 4

CHANNING'S SERMON. This day published by James Munroe and Co. The Sunday School, a Discourse, pronounced before the Sunday School Society, by Wm. E. Channing; price 12 cents.

TO TEACHERS. James Munroe & Co. have this day published a collection of French and English Phrases and Dialogues, compiled chiefly upon the basis of Bellenger's French Phrase Book, which, within a short time, has passed through eighteen editions, in Paris. This work, on account of the simplicity of its arrangement, is peculiarly adapted to those just commencing the study of French. Instructers are invited to call and examine the work for themselves. 134 Washington st.

mar 11

WORCESTER'S READING BOOKS.—I. WORCESTER'S SECOND BOOK FOR READING AND SPELLING.

Those who have used Mr Worcester's Primer are aware of his peculiar talents in rendering those usually 'dry subjects' interesting to childreu; and to them it is sufficient to say, that the *Second Book* has the same attractive character as the *First*,

II. A THIRD BOOK FOR READING AND SPELLING; with simple Rules and Instructions for avoiding common Errors. By Samuel Worcester.

The plan and character of this work is different from any other now in use. Each lesson is preceded by a Rule and List of Errors; and the reading is designed to be rendered not merely an exercise, but a study requiring the use of the mind. We approve of the plan of this book; it is just such a one as is needed, and we hope it will be adopted in every school in the country.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

This is one of the most useful reading books for common schools. It strikes us as particularly deserving the attention of teachers.—*Daily Advocate.*

One of the most useful reading books that has yet appeared. We recuommend teachers and parents to give it an early examination.—*American Traveller.*

We think it a *valuable* acquisition to the young scholar, both as a monitor for the correction of errors in reading and pronouncing, as well as a guide in manners and morals. The lessons are selected with much judgment, and are well calculated to instruct the mind, while they form the character.—*Morning Post.*

III. FOURTH BOOK OF LESSONS FOR READING, with Rules and Instructions. By Samuel Worcester.

From the Annals of Education.

It is constructed on the same plan with the Third Book of the same series; each selection, whether of prose or poetry, being preceded by a rule for reading, and followed by a list of common errors in pronouncing some of the words included in it. The object of these peculiarities of Mr Worcester's Third and Fourth Books, is to make reading a *study* in our schools, instead of a mere exercise.

We regard the Fourth Book, on the whole, as a useful compilation for the classes for which it was intended. There is a large fund of valuable information embodied in the Rnles aud Instructions at the beginning, and in the Errors and Questions at the end of each chapter, is also at the end of the work, even more than the author, in his modesty has ventuaed to claim.

From the Principal of the Woodstock high School.

Worcester's Fourth Book is truly deserving of notice. The subjects and arrangements are indeed *excellent*. His rules at the head of each chapter, and his exposition of errors, together with his list of phrases, &c. all combine to render the book such a one as is needed in our schools.

From Ebenezer Baily, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston; Author of 'Young Ladies' Class Book,' and 'First Lessons in Algebra.'

I have used Worcester's series of reading books in my school ever since they were published, and regard them as among the most valuable works of the kind with which I am acquainted.

From the Rev. James W. Poland Teacher of Youth.

Having made use of Worcester's Third and Fourth Books of Lessons for Reading, &c. in my school for some time past, I feel that I can recommend them with perfect confidence, as being superior to any that I have ever used, for forming correct habits in reading. At the commencement of each lesson, a rule is given in such a familiar manner, that no scholar, after reading it twice, can forget the substance of it. The errors noticed at the close of each lesson, together with the questions, fix the attention still more, and afford both interest and instruction. I sincerely hope that many teachers of youth will be induced to give both books a candid examination; after which, I think they will not hesitate to give their decided preference.

From Rev. James Culbertson, Rev. G. C. Sedgwick, W. Buell, Esq. and John M. Howe, (Principal McIntyre Free School,) Zanesville, Ohio.

We have examined Worcester's Reading Books, and think them the most useful reading books that have yet appeared. They are a valuable acquisition to the young scholar, both as a monitor for the correction of reading and pronouncing, and as a guide in manners and morals. The lessons are selected with much judgment, and are well calculated to instruct the mind, while they form the character. We recommend to parents and teachers to give them early examination.

The above series of Reading Books, is particularly recommended as worthy of the attention of Teachers and School Committees, as they are precisely adapted to the wants of our Common Schools and Academies.

Published by CHAS. J. HENDEE, and for sale by the Booksellers in all parts of the U. States

o 29 tf

ST. NICHOLAS BY PAULDING.

THE Book of St. Nicholas translated from the original Dutch by Dominie Nicholas Aegidius Oudenarde being the 14th vol. Paulding's Works uniform col. For sale at MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. f 25

THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES, with notes, for the use or colleges in the United States, by T. D. Woolsey, Professor of Greek in Yale College; the Promethus of Æschylus with notes, for the use of colleges in the United States, by T. D. Woolsey, Professor of Greek in Yale College; this day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. opposite School Street. m 4

WHITMAN'S MEMOIR. Memoir of Rev. Bernard Whitman, by Jason Whitman, with a Portrait, for sale at MUNROE & CO'S. 134 Washington st, m 4

TWICE TOLD TALES. Twice Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1 vol. 12mo; just received by James Munroe & Co. 134 Washington st. mar. 11

WORDSWORTH'S Poetical Works. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. The complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth: together with a Description of the country of the Lakes in the North of England, now first published with his Works. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, Royal 8vo pp. 575.

Our present purpose is simply and heartily to recommend Professor Reed's edition of Wordsworth, as one which does justice to the poets, and is calculated to satisfy the not easily satisfied wishes of the many, who love and revere him. It is, what it professes to be, a complete edition of his poetical works, such as might be sought for in vain in his own country, and contains also his prefaces and essays, his beautiful description of the Lakes, and his Essay upon Epitaphs. The Editor has performed his part in a most judicious manner, and in the true spirit of one 'who claims to have brought to the task an affectionate solicitude for every verse in the volume. He has given us the pure text, and has interspersed, with the poet's own notes, a few, and but very few others, which consist 'almost entirely of illustrative passages from the writings of those with whom Mr Wordsworth would most willingly find his name associated.' The poems which were lately published under the title of 'Yarrow Revisited, and other poems,' are placed in their appropriate divisions, as the poets himself would have arranged them. The publishers may challenge for themselves a full portion of praise, for having sent forth a book which contesr credit on the American press. Since we received it, we have read a considerable portion of its contents, and accustomed as we are to proofsheets, and familiar as we are with the author, we have not yet detected a typographical error. The page is clean and bright; and the type is as clear and large as eyes can wish. We have seldom seen a book which has given us so much pleasure. Christian Examiner, No. 79.

134 Washington st. opposite School st. m 11

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
BY DAVID REED,
At 19 Water Street, Boston.
CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR.

TERMS.—*Three Dollars*, payable in six months or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if paid in advance

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, sixth copy will be sent gratis.

☞ No subscription discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

All communicatons, as well as letters of business relating to the Christian Register, should be addressed to DAVID REED, Boston.

MINOT PRATT, PRINTER.